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The ROTARIAN



Do We Need Social Medicine?

HOW does the "group plan" work? Does it improve health conditions in nations which try it? Does it ruin the morale of the doctors? . . . Dr. Morris Fishbein and Economist William Trufant Foster give authoritative opinions on these widely discussed questions in the November debate-of-the-month.

Acquaintances

WHAT is it that draws men together and makes them friends? What is the theory of acquaintanceship? There's some rich philosophy from the pen of Abbé Ernest Dimnet in your November ROTARIAN.

Steamboating . . . Mark Twain

LIBRARIANS tell us that Mark Twain is more in demand today than ever before. . . And lovers of the stirring tales of boyhood adventures on the Mississippi will find a literary treat in Garnett Eskew's Ole Man River Story.

Next Month in Your November ROTARIAN

Our Readers' Open Forum

Presenting interesting letters of comment, fresh from the editors' mailbox.

"Three Ideas Not . . . Clear"

I read with great interest Dan Beard's history of the Boy Scouts (*Scouting Has a Birthday*, August issue) but would like to point out three ideas not made clear.

First, the Woodcraft Indians were founded by myself in 1902, with a very definite program for outdoor life, and for a model, the ideal American Indian.

Second, Dan Beard followed in 1905, adopting exactly the same program, but substituting for a model Daniel Boone and the pioneers of Kentucky.

Third, Baden-Powell followed in 1908, with exactly the same program, with the exception that he added military color, and held up Tommy Atkins as the model.

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON,
President, College of Indian Wisdom
Santa Fe, N. Mex.

And He Blames Sarazen!

I have been a reader of your valuable magazine for many years and have always had a great deal of faith in it until I read the article *Hit With Your Hands* by Gene Sarazen (August).

For the past few years, under the direction of a Pro, my game has gradually improved, and I have been very proud of it. However, when I read this article I thought that perhaps I could improve my game by whipping and hitting as explained by Gene Sarazen, so, without consulting the Pro, I did that and my game went "haywire." I can't get back, and I am pretty sore about the whole thing.

I changed my grip to conform with Gene's advice, this caused an uncomfortable feeling in my back swing; to correct that, I changed my stance slightly; that position felt wrong, so I bent my knee a little differently; my knee didn't feel right, so I followed through more vigorously; but the more I tried to correct these difficulties, the worse I became.

To top the climax, I read this article saying that Gene is good for a boy who hits the ball wrong. At any rate, with these remarks off my mind, I feel better. I even forgive you.

WILLIAM E. SCOTT, *Rotarian*
Judge of Probate, Lake County
Two Harbors, Minn.

England to Canada

I look forward each month to the arrival of my copy of THE ROTARIAN. I enjoy the vigor, freshness and variety of its articles.

I am writing particularly to offer congratulations from this side of the Atlantic to your young Canadian contributor—Malcolm Thomas-Peter—for his article in the August issue. It is encouraging to find that youth has such a clear perception of the callous absurdity of the existence of poverty in a world of abundance.

Rotary, because of its international character, might well have grappled with this injustice, but, having failed to make any serious attempt upon it, we must hope that youngsters like Thomas-Peter will demand and secure a solution. More power to their elbows!

I would like Malcolm to know that many people in England are watching with friendly interest the attempt of Alberta to provide a remedy, and are hoping she will soon show the

world, stagnant and cruel in its orthodoxy, a way out of the impasse.

HERBERT SHAW, *Rotarian*
Classification: Construction Service
Huddersfield, England.

Plutarch . . . Love Feasts

Dr. Amos Squire's *The Psychology of Fellowship*, in the September ROTARIAN, tells the story of Rotary. I am reminded of a quotation from Plutarch in a recent issue of our *Rotary Peptomist* in which he referred to the "luncheon clubs" of the Spartans in the ninth Century B.C. Here it is:

"They were sometimes called love feasts because by eating and drinking together they had opportunities of making friends. . . . Here they were instructed in state affairs by listening to experienced statesmen; here they learned to converse with pleasantness, to make jests without scurrility, and to take them without ill humor."

LEON STURNE, *Rotarian*
Pres., Sterne-Stevens Co. (wholesale grocers)
Anniston, Ala.

"Diaper Committee"

Where the Frontier Lingers (September ROTARIAN) is very interesting to me as it is very close to home. Mrs. Breckinridge is a very good friend of the Hazard Rotary Club and she and her nurses are doing a wonderful work.

We have a Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service in our city composed, to a great extent, of "Rotary Anns" and Rotarians. . . . the duty of this committee is to help out Mrs. Breckinridge in any way possible. Last year it sponsored a picture show and raised some money, and then the women did do quite a lot of sewing of garments for babies. We have an old bachelor who is chairman of this committee, and to have some fun with him we named it the "Diaper Committee."

W. P. MORTON, *Rotarian*
Home Lumber Company
Hazard, Ky.

Knows Mrs. Breckinridge's Folk

I enjoyed reading *Where the Frontier Lingers* by Mary Breckinridge in your September number, for I have known of her work for a long time, have a friend who is a member of the sorority financing the social-service department, and have mingled with these mountaineers in their wilderness surroundings.

I shall long remember one day spent then—a train ride up into the mountains before daylight in a blizzard, an outdoor picnic tendered me by these people at the foot of a great cliff near a frozen waterfall, a hike with them along a roaring mountain stream through laurel and holly, a brief visit by the fireplace in the community building, a horseback ride with one of these mountaineers over the ridge (he brought the minister, who was to conduct a revival, back on the horse I had ridden), a six-mile walk down the railroad track to a mining town, as I had missed the last bus for the day, chats with the miners there in the superintendent's office, while the snow whirled over the valley, and a ride by train that night to a town in the outer world.

Then and on several other visits I learned to love these kindly. [Continued on page 49]

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The Rotarian

The ROTARIAN

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE IDEAL OF SERVICE AND ITS APPLICATION TO PERSONAL, BUSINESS, COMMUNITY, AND INTERNATIONAL LIFE

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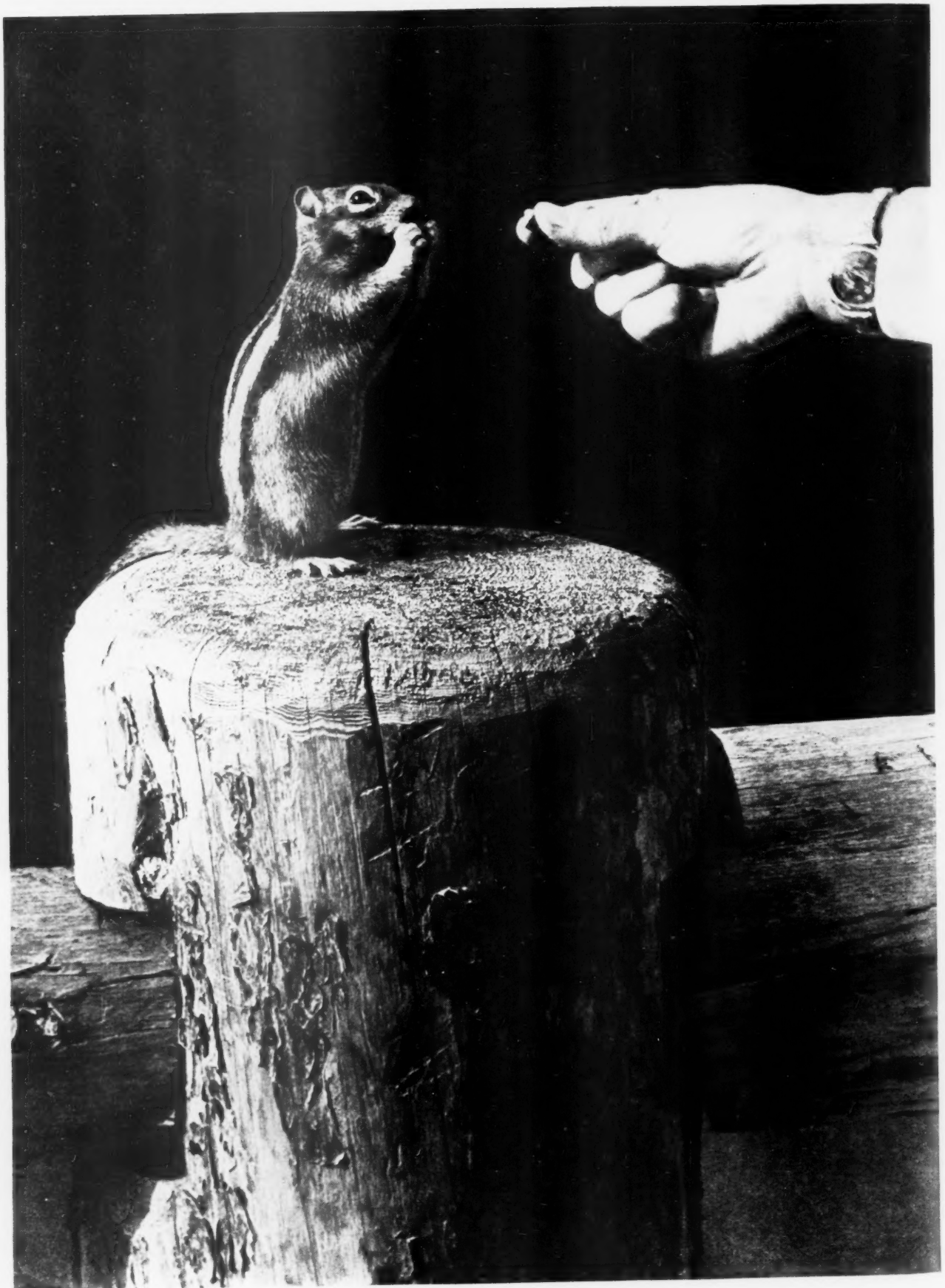
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Outdoor Friend in Hickory Nut Time A Camera Study by John Kabel

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Sell Service, Not Goods

By Sir Herbert Austin

Chairman of the Austin Motor Co., Ltd.

ONE OF THE most striking developments in industrial and social life during recent years has been the deepening realization that service is an ideal for business builders. Service is, in fact, now an essential function of all business activity.

Events of the past few years, more than anything else, have cultivated what may be termed the sense of history. Economics and its bearing upon life have been studied more than ever before. An economic crisis, its causes, and the search for a way out have been discussed by everybody. History has been ransacked for parallels of the present situation. The whole basis of the standard of living is coming up for discussion, and, from the point of view of a past age, it is a new problem.

The study of the inter-relations of nations, arising out of the welter of questions now confronting the whole world, has established the one point that nations depend on each other. Even more intimately this applies to individuals. A nation overseas which sends, let us say, corn, not only sends us food but sells us service. The workers in that nation who produced that corn are in our service. The man in the street now realizes that the whole community, whether it be a nation or an individual, relies, in the last resort, on trade and social service.

The old idea of a community composed of hostile elements, every man's hand against every other man, is gradually giving way to a sense of greater mutual responsibility. The truth that "no man liveth unto himself" is passing from the stage of vague acquiescence to a living reality.

It is not always easy to bring ideals into everyday business life, but in all the stress of competition, some idealistic element is not altogether wanting. The ideal sometimes turns out to be the most practical. No store would knowingly sell an article that would disappoint a housewife. Attached to that article must be an imaginary certificate which tells the world that the article will prove as attractive and useful in the house as promised by the salesman in the store.

This is selling service in the modern sense, and I

It is not always easy to bring ideals into business, but here is an ideal that works because it is founded on practical economics.

venture to predict that industry in the future will be more concerned with selling service than goods. It is true that this aspect of service in ordinary commercial life has already been put forward in some quarters but it has not attained the recognition it deserves.

Sometimes accidentally, but often intentionally and consciously, the manufacturer, the wholesaler, or the distributor performs services that far outweigh in value the mere task of producing and selling goods. He sells service as well as goods.

The industrialist-employer has done this in two ways. In the first place, he has, by the use of capital, created employment and thus encouraged a demand for new as well as old classes of commodities and semi-luxuries in an ever widening circle. In the second place, he has satisfied this demand by creating industries, providing all those commodities and semi-luxuries, which have almost become necessities, many of them almost unknown a generation ago.

IN providing these necessities and luxuries in a convenient and attractive form at continuously low prices, the big industrialist has performed a unique service. Few people stop to think of the mental effort, care, and skill which go into producing and conveying to their hands all manner of commodities ready for use from the uttermost parts of the earth.

Even if the primary idea of such commerce was not purely altruistic, but was dictated by motives of gain, and spurred on by competition, the result has been a form of selling service which the individual could never perform for himself. It has brought a share of the wealth of the world to the most humble homes, and has rendered possible a standard of living scarcely conceived of by an earlier generation. In former days the idea of selling service was, perhaps, mainly an unconscious one. But, today, progress and education have made us realize that it is a business ideal. Therefore, I might almost paradoxically urge that we should give our goods, but sell our services.



"What made Strickland . . . suddenly abandon his business and personal ties and run off to Paris to paint?"

The Potter and the Merchant

By Farnsworth Crowder

Illustrations by Philip Lyford

WE HAVE a phrase—"when the day's work is done." Usually we place at the end of it a sigh of relief. We have lived up to the trying exactions of eight long hours at the grindstone, and now we can go about munching the real fruits of life. Of a kind is our delight in anticipating holidays and our dream of one day stepping out of the old harness to kick up our heels and loaf respectably in idyllic meadows.

Here is a state of things, so burdened with wry ironies and mirages, that every man ought to take a long and solemn look at it. How curious the way in which we start to school and stay there from eight to twenty years preparing for that somebody we are going to be, and then, hardly launched upon our work, begin laying plans to cut it short, lighten it, and eventually ditch it altogether! Who doesn't know men that are working like galley slaves at jobs they claim to detest or even to like, in order that they may lay by sufficient shekels to retire on?

Why—in spite of work being necessary, estimable, even noble—do we so often strive thus to limit it or escape it entirely? Can any sense be made of this contrariness? Is it enough to say that man is at core a loafer and will be one heartily and with a clear conscience, so long as he can manage it like a millionaire and not like a tramp? What is the ethic, the psychology, the appeal of work?

When it is time to retire from active business, what then? To twiddle thumbs? Or to pursue a keen interest already developed?

For light on the matter, I have been asking men why they work. Almost always their first answer takes a cynically jocular turn—"women must have new hats, mustn't they?"—"Nature caught me young, married me off, and now look at me." True enough, we work because we must, for subsistence for ourselves and our dependents. Millions of men drudge to get even that little and are, sadly, the ones least likely to escape on the golden barque of a fat annuity.

Most frequently and insistently am I told that the one-and-only great motive power behind work is the thirst for monetary reward. Now this, I think, is a fallacy and an affront. It overlooks that vast deal of the world's finest work done out of motives that transcend or even ignore quantitative reward, and it makes man even more of a greedy Midas than he is.

The profit motive, currently in bad repute in certain quarters, turns out upon scrutiny, to be something more than a panting covetousness. A profit is not only money, it is not only the wherewith to provide "the Missus" a car, Junior a college education, and father himself a new bag of clubs: a profit is also evidence—evidence of mastery, of conquest, of sound planning and shrewd management, of a service rendered. A profit is not only velvet to a man's pocket: it is soup to his anxious ego.



"Was Heinrich Schliemann a freak that he should bide his time . . . to dig Troy and Mycenae out of the dust?"

A salary, likewise, is satisfying to a man because it is evidence of a job satisfactorily done. And though it be true that the most obvious evidence of work well-done takes a monetary form, it does not for one minute follow from this that men are happy in their jobs and devoted to them in proportion as they are moderately or handsomely paid.

A half mile from my door lives a potter. He is intelligent, healthy, good natured; and he is a superb craftsman. He earns less than seventy dollars a week. Recently, he came into a very snug legacy. It, with his savings, would keep him very comfortably for the rest of his days. Yet he has no more intention of quitting his wheel than a scholar his researches.

IN the same town lives a merchant. At fifty-five he has "stacked up" a fortune and is planning to retire. He said, "I've worked like a dog for thirty-five years. I figure I've earned a change." I asked him what he was going to do.

"Rest," he said, "and have some fun, as far away as I can get from ledgers and dollar days." What is it that is vouchsafed the potter in his work that he chooses to stick to it, whereas the merchant, like a boy at outs with a hateful school, wants to run away, loaf, and raise Cain in heretofore forbidden manner?

Both men have always made a living and have been able to save—with the merchant having a long shot the better of it. Both have been challenged by problems and have licked them—with the merchant having the more zestful game. Both have had a chance to achieve something and to look upon their monuments—a vase, a great store. Each, in his own field, has been recognized and acclaimed. Yet the one abides by his work and the other gleefully

turns his back on his job and bids it chase itself. Why? And what of it?

The hollowness of the notion that men will work only for quantities and that only in magnitudes can they find satisfaction, is demonstrated by both the merchant and the potter. The one, after dealing for thirty-five years, in staggering quantities and accumulating a thumping estate, is still spiritually underfed and profoundly hungry. The potter, on the other hand, after fooling around for a lifetime with gobs of clay and arriving at a very modest income, cannot be tempted away, even by a legacy, from the job that nourishes him.

Far from hollow, but certainly spongy, is the notion that if a man have, out of his work, not only money, but power, prestige, and social position, the envy and deference of lesser men, the respect of his peers, he has all that any job can yield. These are not dish-water wines; they are the heady fare of the Caesars; only he who has known them and found them out has any well-grounded right to be cynical.

I haven't that right, and I am saying here only that, whatever they may be, they are not enough. The merchant, who had all of them, assures me by word of mouth that they are not enough and evidences it by bolting his job for something else. What else? Release from routine, no doubt, and relief from responsibility. But what, positively, is he going to *do*? To "rest" he says, and have "fun."

Now "rest" and "fun" turn out very often to be waggish, mocking, unreal goals for men whose lives have been disposed dynamically, as anyone can attest who has lived among the retired in California or Florida. A man needs resources and returns to make a go of business-life: he does not cease sud-

denly to need resources and returns to make a go of leisure-life. And this is true, whether he gain his leisure in a lump in the last quarter of life or receive it in fractions by the week.

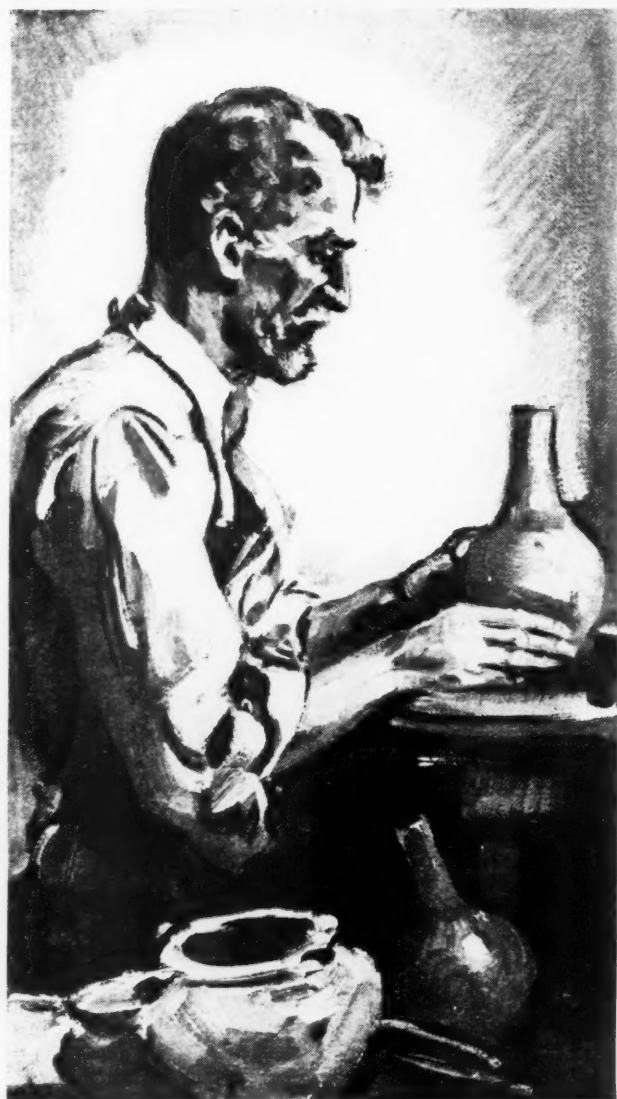
Leisure and the wherewith to fill it—hobbies, culture and recreation—have had much attention of late: they have their experts and their journals. Well and good. But the impression I get of leisure from much of the discussion is of something anaemic and nice—just dandy for invalids. Is it reasonable to suppose that men, who have been for thirty-five years in the urgency and heat of an exacting job, are going to be intrigued for long by some feeble occupation hardly distinguishable from tatting?

Now I am for the hobbies and the culture and the recreation: but if they are to catch on as their advocates dream, they must have entrails and challenge and meaning. The hobbies and cultural forays that are pretty but useless, that partake of the decadent nature of art for art's sake, are not going to get under the skins of very many twentieth-century men. The avocation that persists and really enriches a man's days is not some lyrical bit of spare-time twiddling, but an activity which tends to become more than an avocation, is not anti-job, but another job.

I mean that it is not necessary to take flight from the world of work to find values which leisure can be asked to yield. Within that world are certain pursuits—not the most spectacular and not the most remunerative—which have an abiding appeal.

My craftsman friend, the potter, will, no doubt, die with clay in his mustache. The scholar expires in his study muttering polysyllables. The scientist greets St. Peter with the last term of the equation that was puzzling him as he topped the Great Divide. The author's failing hand squiggles a funeral ode. The gasping artist slaps the last touches on his "Portrait of Myself Dying." And I little doubt that an attuned ear could have heard Thomas Edison whispering suggestions to the undertaker.

WHAT are the charms of these occupations from which men so infrequently itch to retire? They offer relatively piddling incomes; they are not primarily conditioned by the exciting dictates of money; they do not permit of acquisitive exploits or grand campaigns of commercial conquest. Yet men suffer their outrageous frustrations, love their satisfying dissatisfactions, and cling to them with monogamous fidelity. Why do they do it?



"A half mile from my door lives a potter. He is intelligent, healthy, good natured; he is a superb craftsman."

What distinguishes the art of pottery from merchandising? Might not the merchant have been smart years ago to make ceramics another job? What are the fascinations of zoölogy for my friend Robert Grade, crack salesman, that he has developed knowledge and skill so far beyond amateurishness that he can today be collaborating on researches with a professional biologist? What made Strickland, in Somerset Maugham's *Moon and Sixpence*, suddenly abandon his business and personal ties and run off to Paris to paint? Was Heinrich Schliemann a freak of nature that he should patiently bide his time as a merchant until he had enough money to dig Troy and Mycenae out of the dust and become a great archaeologist?

Consider the potter, the furniture-carver, the painter: He does not strive for purely economic

advantage; the results of his labor are qualitatively, not quantitatively, defined. He engages directly in productive as opposed to acquisitive, distributive, or executive work.

He himself manipulates, in his own hands or under his own hat, amorphous raw materials—tangible and subjective—and gives to them new forms and fresh relations: he is not a director, he is a performer: he is not a middleman, dealing with money, credit, ledger entries, and such: he has a peasant-like, intimate linkage with his own product: it is his—not the firm's, not the state's—by right of craft or creation.

HE tends to be a solitary. A complex economy, a business organization at his back may be helpful, but they are dispensable. He has, accordingly, a dangerous and delicious free range. He can mold a grand piano out of clay, carve gargoyles on the bed posts, paint fish on the insides of bath-tubs.

It must seem the peak of absurdity, at a time when millions can't find one job, to suggest that men should have two. But it is this very abundance of spare time that in part prompts the suggestion.

Thomas Jefferson was a statesman: he also planned buildings, not as a mere dabbler in design, but as an architect . . . Friar Armand David, a Lazarist missionary, was sent to Peking in 1862. In such moments as he could spare from his work, he explored the neighborhood for fauna and flora. The Natural History Museum in Paris was so impressed by the Friar's botanical reports that it obtained financial assistance from the French government for him to pursue his collecting intensively.

Samuel D. Hinds, California attorney, after a long avocational apprenticeship at the Community Playhouse of Pasadena, tapered off his law practice, built up his acting, and is currently playing his sixty-seventh rôle in the Hollywood studios . . . J. H. was a wholesaler in the Philippines; he became interested in ethnology, studied with terrific diligence, learned German in order to read monographs in that language, and after three years of such spare-time preparation, undertook researches among the native peoples of the Islands . . . "Lytton of the Hub," Chicago's great clothier, was a musician of professional stripe . . . Clarence H. Mackay, the telegraph magnate, is an authoritative student on

the subject of armor and arms. And so on and on.

The point being that these men refused to be servants of one job; they shouldered into that realm of the "larger lunacy," the kingdom of the potter and all his ilk. And whether in architecture, botany, acting, ethnology, music, or scholarship, they went beyond dilettantism to professional competence. In some cases, two pursuits jogged side by side. In others, one dwindled as the other grew up. But always, the years plunging by were stocked with something challenging, diverting, and consoling.

A hobby may well be, as it was with Mr. Hinds, the infancy and youth of "another job." S. S. began business life in the manufacture of glass. He branched out for himself into making bottles. Repeal whooped sales and he is now making good money. His avocational passion is motion-picture photography. He writes, directs, and "shoots" his own stories. By the amateur cinema fraternity, he is considered one of the best in the game. He has



"In the same town lives a merchant. At fifty-five he has 'stacked up' a fortune and is planning to retire."

successfully directed three shorts for one of the major studios. He has been invited to do more. Once he has worked his sons into his own business, he is accepting the invitation, and dreams of building two-reel subjects out of short-stories.

It has been our habit, I think, when discussing this matter of leisure and its uses, to forget what manner of humans we are in most western countries today. Unquestionably there are men, and unquestionably they are to be envied, who can be happy in making of their leisure a static, stoic, philosophical "rest"; who can find deep content in contemplation and reverie; who can sink gratefully into what Gilbert Chesterton calls "the most precious, the most consoling, the most pure and holy" form of leisure, "the noble art of doing nothing at all." Unquestionably too, any man anxious to live more than half a life and sample experience widely, should seek to interlard his more hurried, social, extraverted life with these "noble habits."

BUT with the average active western man, who has lived dynamically, been ruled from the cradle by "forces and performances, relations and capacities," flux and change, it is expecting an improbable lot to suppose that he can so far contradict himself as to be able, at noon on Saturday, or at fifty-five when he retires, to become suddenly an ascetic, an esthete, a stoic, or a divinely happy connoisseur of shaving mugs. He must have—or feel somehow starved—tensions, action, and provocation; he must have a little recognition from others and must himself be able to respect what he accomplishes—not feel, as a retired banker mournfully expressed it, that he has gone back to the days of cutting paper dolls.

A breathing exemplar of our thesis here is Sam Clay. Sam is a realtor who has been pretty exhaustively through the experiences and satisfactions peculiar to a successful business career. He has had his say as a civic leader and a club man. He is blessed with health. He has home and children. He has travelled. He goes sailing and deep-sea fishing for sport. But this is not the complete lexicon of Sam

Clay. There is a shop above his hillside garage, equipped for working in iron and brass. There, alone, as a craftsman seeking quality, he wrings form and grace from stubborn metals. He is proud to be identified with the oldest and one of the most exclusive of the crafts—the smiths.

Sam's work—and this is important!—is *excellent* work, so excellent that he can market any amount of it, not with admiring, uncritical friends, but with exacting builders and decorators. This is the kind of approval—professional approval—that a man needs or he goes lax; it feeds his passion for excellence and gives him confidence to continue.

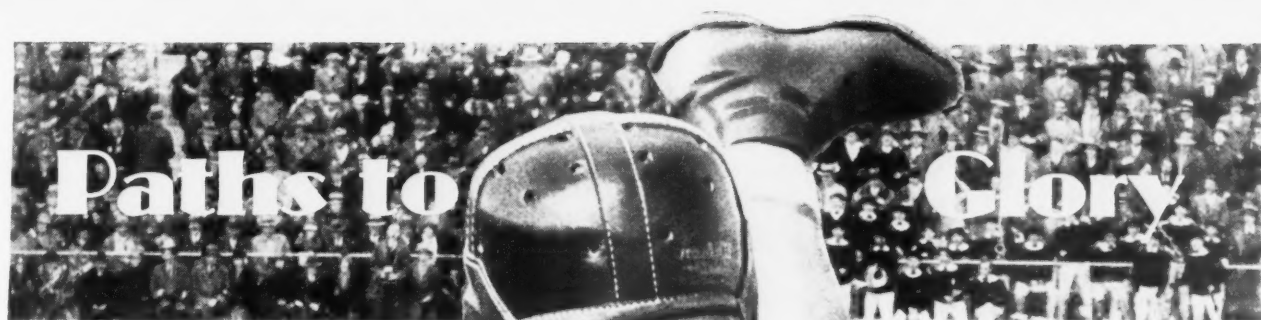
It is L. P. Jacks who says in that finely indignant lecture of his on *The Ethic of Workmanship* that "If 'truth, beauty, and goodness' or whatever else be the names of the eternal values, are to be effectively at home in a working world, they must be lodged in its *work*." And this holds, whether that work be done under a boss on a salary from nine to five daily or in one's garage over the week-end.

"If that (work)," Jacks continues, "be false, little else can be true; if that is ugly, little else can be beautiful; if that is evil, little else can be good."

One final word: If there be anything in all this to recommend it to Thomas Jefferson, Clarence H. Mackay, and Sam Clay, how much more there is to recommend it to those who are doing the world's drudgery! Charles Lamb was a petty London clerk, but the deadly grind did not strike him sullenly dumb. Clingan is a collector who goes about having doors slammed in his face all day: but he endures it because in the evening he can crawl upstairs to his attic shop and contentedly take up his tools for the completion of another model galleon. He will sell that galleon and get sweet praise for his skill. Clingan has "another job" so that his life is considerably better than merely achingly tolerable.

When that life peculiar to the potter and that peculiar to the merchant can meet within an individual epidermis, can in some measure coalesce on a mutually respectful basis and can aid and abet each other in their insistence on a high "ethic of workmanship," we shall have a more complete, content, and useful fellow.





Photos: Acme Newspictures

By
Harold
'Red'
Grange

THE wide-shouldered man in a shiny suit on my left at the luncheon table said, "Red, there's something I'd like to get your ideas on."

"Shoot," I told him.

"Well," he said, "my son was good enough to be chosen on the all-state team last season. He's going to college this fall and several schools have made some pretty good offers to him."

He paused and I asked, "Do they offer living expenses, cash, or an easy job?"

"A couple of them are offering room, board, and tuition. Another will provide a job which will take very little of his time, but pays \$40 a month. Still another will pay him cash, in monthly installments, over the college year; that is, if he makes the team."

I said, "I'm afraid I can't be of help if you want my advice on which offer to take."

"That isn't the thing I want your ideas on," he answered. He laid four matches on the table-cloth and fooled with them, arranging and rearranging them in the single and double wingback formations of

football. I hadn't caught his name when we were introduced, but I had a "hunch" that he'd once played football.

"Does he *have* to have outside help?" I asked.

"No-o-o, not absolutely," he answered slowly, "although my business is not exactly booming and he knows it. He also knows that his mother and I have had to cut a few corners to keep his older sister in college—she's a junior. I'm certain that's why he is trying to make the best possible deal, when—"

I interrupted: "When, as a matter of fact, the university he really wants to attend doesn't pay its athletes one red cent."

"That's right,"

the father agreed. "But he won't admit that he has a preference. The boy doesn't want to burden us





Photo: Aenne

"A really good coach is closer to the boys during their formative years than anyone else. If he is a good man and a kindly one, he adjusts the treatment of each boy on the squad to his individual makeup."

with his college expenses. He professes to believe that it is all right to play college football for money. But he isn't fooling me."

He smiled, and continued: "I've known him all of his life and he's pretty easy to read."

"What are you going to do about it?" I asked.

"I've made up my mind," was the reply, "to send him to the university he really wants to attend."

He named the university. It is a fine institution of high standards, and, year in and year out, turns out a cracking good football team. Making the eleven there is no "cinch."

The father was saying: "His mother agrees with me. If she thought he wanted the moon she'd sacrifice to help him get it. At the same time, I realize that the amount of actual work a boy puts into football—and his drawing power at the gate—provided he is a star—may be worth his living expenses, at least. Am I foolish in deciding not to let him take advantage of one of these offers?"

"THERE'S something to be said on each side," I suggested. "I've known a good many players who were helped through college because they played football—without any damage to their characters. In fact, a number of them would never have seen a college classroom except for football, and they made the most of their opportunities. But there is another angle . . . you look as though you might have played football yourself, sir."

He grinned, and answered, "I was a pretty fair

country tackle at Nebraska quite a few years back."

Country game, my eye! I found out later that he was the top tackle of his time, in the West.

I pursued: "You played for fun, didn't you?"

"Yes, and had the best time of my life!"

"You wouldn't sell your memories of college football, at any price, would you—certainly not for room and board and a little cash?" I asked.

"I wouldn't sell those memories for a check for a million. We were crusaders for the university."

"Weren't we all?"

"I get your point, Red," he answered, "and tonight I'm going to break the news to my young hopeful, that his 'old man' is going to send him to the university he really wants to attend—but I'm going to tell him, also, that if he wants to work on the side, even for 20 or 30 cents an hour, it won't make me a bit mad."

"Fair enough," I agreed—and our chat ended.

If that father happens to read what I've written here, it may please him to know that I hope the son turns out to be as fine a man as his dad. I happen to be especially fond of fathers—having one who is, so far as I am concerned, the greatest fellow in this or any other world.

Continuing, I believe sincerely that a boy gets more—far more—out of college football, under the right kind of coach, than he delivers. This may sound strange, coming from one who, so the sports-writers declare, has probably made more money out of football and its by-products during the past ten

years than any other player. But that money was made after I had finished with college football. I did not get even an anemic dime for playing at the University of Illinois. My father borrowed the money for my schooling and I repaid him with the first money I earned after turning professional. . . . But I must modify this. . . . I was a professional long before I entered the university; my dad gave me a quarter for each touchdown I scored in high-school competition.

COLLEGE football has been called a character builder. I amend that by saying it develops character, if the character is there. It is supposed to teach good sportsmanship. Again the definition of the term is involved. If playing fairly, but giving no quarter and asking none, is good sportsmanship then I'm for it, "hook, line and sinker!" If it means losing gracefully and painlessly then you can have it. One of the epigrams of my old coach, "Bob" Zuppke, who is a good Rotarian, was: "A good loser is no good." I, too, prefer a die-hard.

But college football does develop one important trait: *gameness!* It is a sport of smashing impacts and continuous, hard body contacts, between boys of unequal size and strength. So hard and fierce is the competition today that the player is frequently up against boys who are bigger and stronger. But he learns to fight back, to stay in there trying, striving to win.

If he learns never to quit, against the toughest going, *then I maintain he has received from football something which can't be measured in dollars and cents—and he is the big winner!* I do not refer merely to physical courage but to mental courage, or a combination of both.

I have seen both Benny Friedman and Harry Newman, former Michigan quarterbacks who later played professional football, take terrific physical beatings on the field, but never have I seen either "cry about it."

The mental and physical discipline of college football is valuable advance preparation for business or for a profession. The player learns to compete . . . and business today is hard competition. He learns to take nothing for granted; virtually every youth who has participated in organized athletics has, at some time or other, been beaten, or his team has been licked, because he, or they, held the opposition too lightly. A defeat engendered by over-confidence is a sound lesson, valuable long after the game has been forgotten by the fans. The player learns not to underestimate the ca- [Continued on page 53]



Photo: International News

Red Grange, as he appeared in 1925 when he played his last game on the varsity at the University of Illinois. He has since then reaped a golden reward as a professional gridiron star.

Red charging over the goal-line after a sensational romp down a broken field—a feat he repeated so often as to make his name "a tradition" wherever Rugby style football is known.





NORTH AMERICA is killing its wild waterfowl far faster than they are breeding. It has been doing so for thirty-five years. Despite all corrective measures, old and new, that fact looms up out of the fog of words spoken and written on the subject of "conservation." By 1940—unless we are mighty firm and careful—the waterfowl supply will be practically down and out.

But why, it may be asked, does this dire plight of migratory birds concern anyone but the hunter? The answer to that foolish question lies in the spirit of our times. The hectic urges of our city civilization have turned more and more people, especially during the past five years, to the deep satisfactions that come from the release of tensions in the out-of-doors. Every indication points to an increased use of old roads, new roads, new parks, forests, lakes and rivers. More leisure time for the average man means to him more opportunities to get away from the clangor of urban life and to enjoy nature. An indispensable part of our satisfaction out-of-doors is the cheerful presence of the migratory bird.

Even today, the birds make up the most important feature of our native North American wildlife. They readily adapt themselves to civilization, and provide major spectacles for the enjoyment of all—if given a chance. The scanty remainders of our once glorious

Let's Save

1. No Hunting in 1936

Urges—

William T. Hornaday

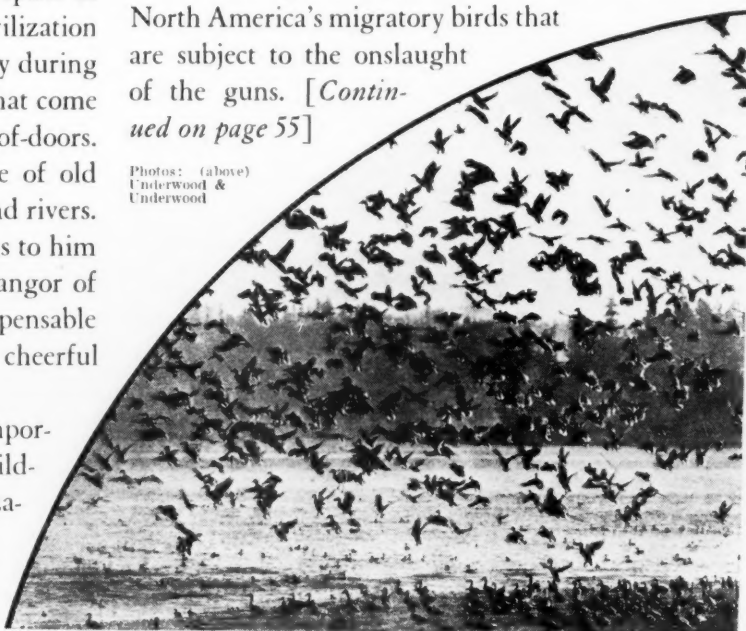
Director, Permanent Wild Life Protection Fund

faunas of waterfowl, no longer needed as a major source of food by a pioneering people, **MUST** now be safeguarded as far as possible from the dangers of extermination by a relatively small proportion of our population. They must be given every opportunity to thrive and to live for the pleasure of all the millions of Americans who enjoy Nature in the open spaces.

Along with other considerations, let us cite the point of view of the bird itself. Plows, and the necessities of modern men, have terribly reduced the areas wherein game-birds can exist. All of the ancient hazards incident to incubation and the rearing of the young have vastly increased—but the greatest decimator is the hunter. Armed with a repeating shotgun, he is the perpetual foe of the wildlife population of the continent.

But just now some great reforms have been made! On August 1, seven important new hunting regulations were proclaimed by President Franklin D. Roosevelt, Secretary Henry A. Wallace, and Chief J. N. Darling. They will lessen the mortality of North America's migratory birds that are subject to the onslaught of the guns. [*Continued on page 55*]

Photos: (above)
Underwood &
Underwood



the Ducks!

2. Regulate—Don't Stop It Says— J. N. Darling

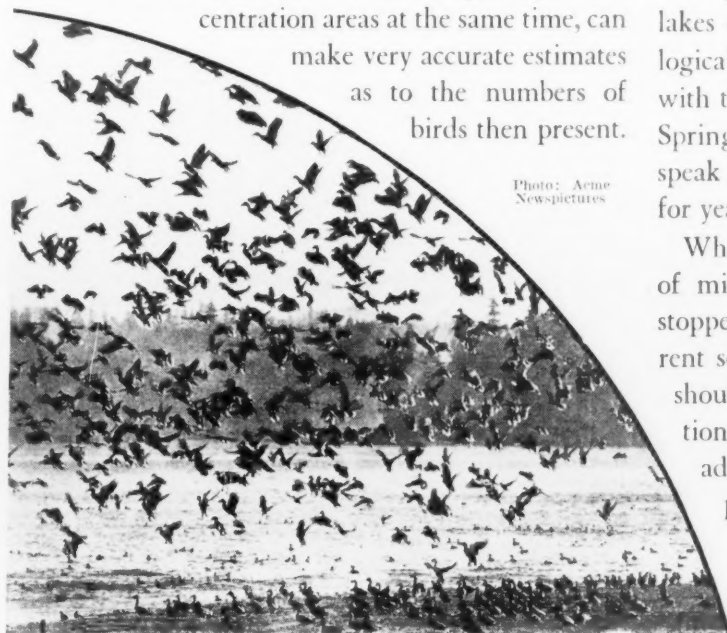
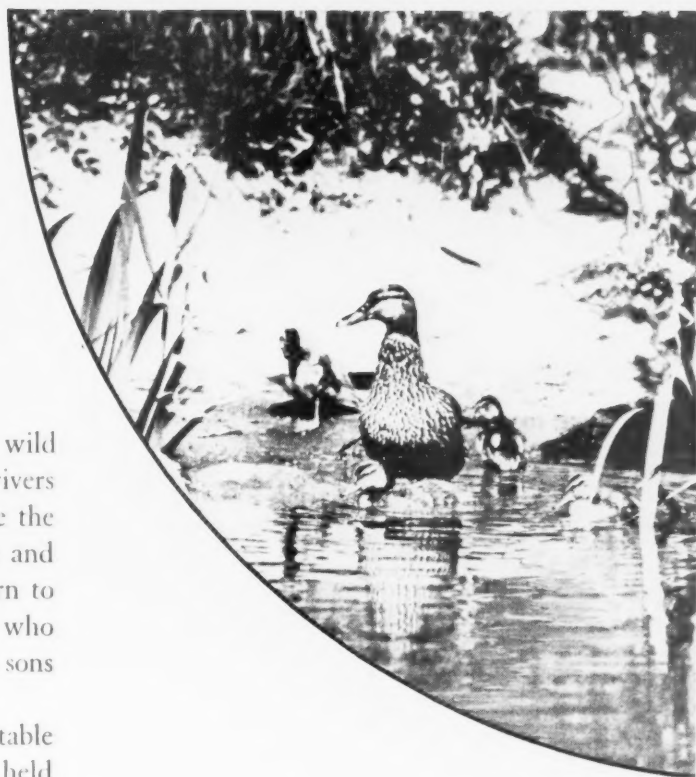
Chief, United States Biological Survey

SWOOPING south from Canada, the wild ducks soon will be over the marshes, lakes and rivers of the United States. How many there escape the hunter to continue their migration to Mexico and warmer climes is a matter of important concern to every inhabitant of the Western Hemisphere who wants the sport of hunting perpetuated for his sons and his sons' sons.

Ducks are diminishing. That is an indisputable fact. Even casually interested observers have held that opinion for several years. Since 1930, a good portion of the wildfowl breeding and feeding-grounds in the great plains of the United States and prairie provinces of Canada have been dry or drying because of the drought. Swamps and lowlands have been drained. Meanwhile, all of the usual hazards of waterfowl have continued, not to mention the inroads made by the huntsman.

No one can pretend to say positively just how many ducks we have in North America for it is impossible to make an accurate duck-by-duck count, but trained observers, stationed at all the principal concentration areas at the same time, can make very accurate estimates as to the numbers of birds then present.

Photo: Acme
Newsictures

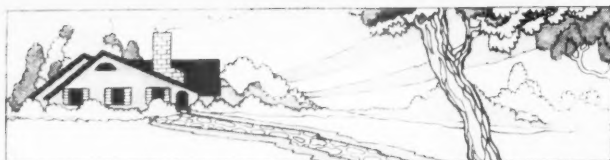


These estimates are sufficiently reliable to tell us whether the ducks are increasing or decreasing, and they furnish the information upon which the Government each year bases the shooting regulations. Such calculations are absolutely necessary, for it is vitally important to keep the annual kill at a point well below the annual increase if the birds are to be saved from extermination.

Each fall men are sent out to known flyways and concentration areas. As the birds move south to the swamps of Louisiana, to the lagoons of Texas, to the lakes of Florida, even to tropical Yucatan, the Biological Survey men follow them. Then they go back with the birds to the northern nesting regions in the Spring. The records submitted by these men now speak for themselves, and they say unequivocally that for years the duck has been decreasing.

What can be done about it? Some startled friends of migratory birds declare that hunting must be stopped, if not permanently, then at least for the current season. That *may* be necessary some day, but shouldn't we first find out what scientific regulation can accomplish? In principle, if one will admit that Uncle Sam's experiment with liquor prohibition failed, regulating would seem to be a better policy than prohibiting.

To get at the facts before us, let us take a look at the [Continued on page 58]



By Julian Huxley

British Scientist and Author

WE ARE apt to pride ourselves as belonging to a scientific age. With the aid of science we have conquered nature and controlled its alien forces. Indeed, so hypnotized are we by science that we often use the adjective *scientific* outside its proper meaning, merely as an expression of intellectual approval.

Our age is scientific in the sense that more scientific discovery and more applications of science have been made in it than in any previous age. But from another point of view, it is unscientific—radically and deplorably unscientific. It is unscientific in having no scientific plan for the prosecution and utilization of science. The result is that science is too often frustrated—distorted—diverted from its proper aims.

Let me give some concrete examples. Agriculture is the most obvious. Take wheat. Some twenty-five years ago, following up the laboratory biologists' researches in pure genetics, the practical plant-breeder set to work to build up new strains of wheat as deliberately as a chemist sets out to make new compounds in his laboratory. Before twenty years were up, they had not only increased yield and disease-resistance, but they had produced new strains which would grow hundreds of miles nearer the Pole than any previously known, others which would tolerate semi-desert conditions.

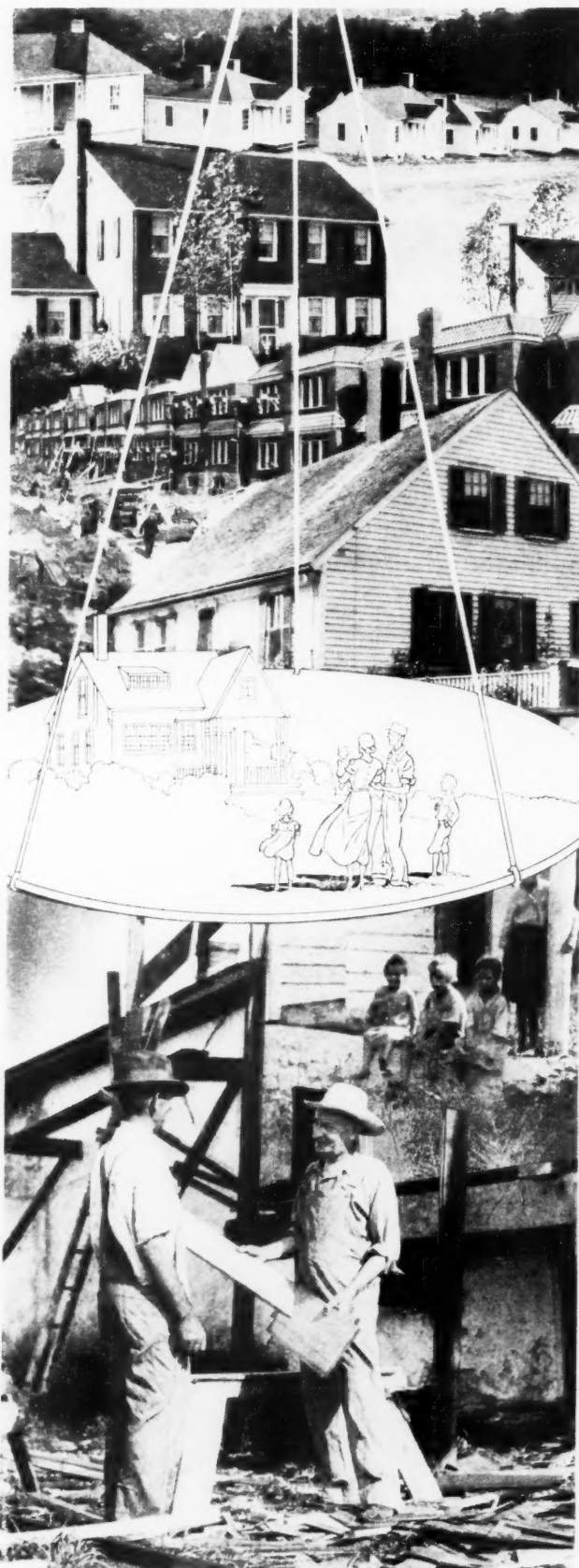
What was the result?

Just about the time that their labors came to scientific fruition, the major wheat-producing countries of the world were all busily engaged on the task, not of increasing their crop, but of decreasing output and restricting acreage.

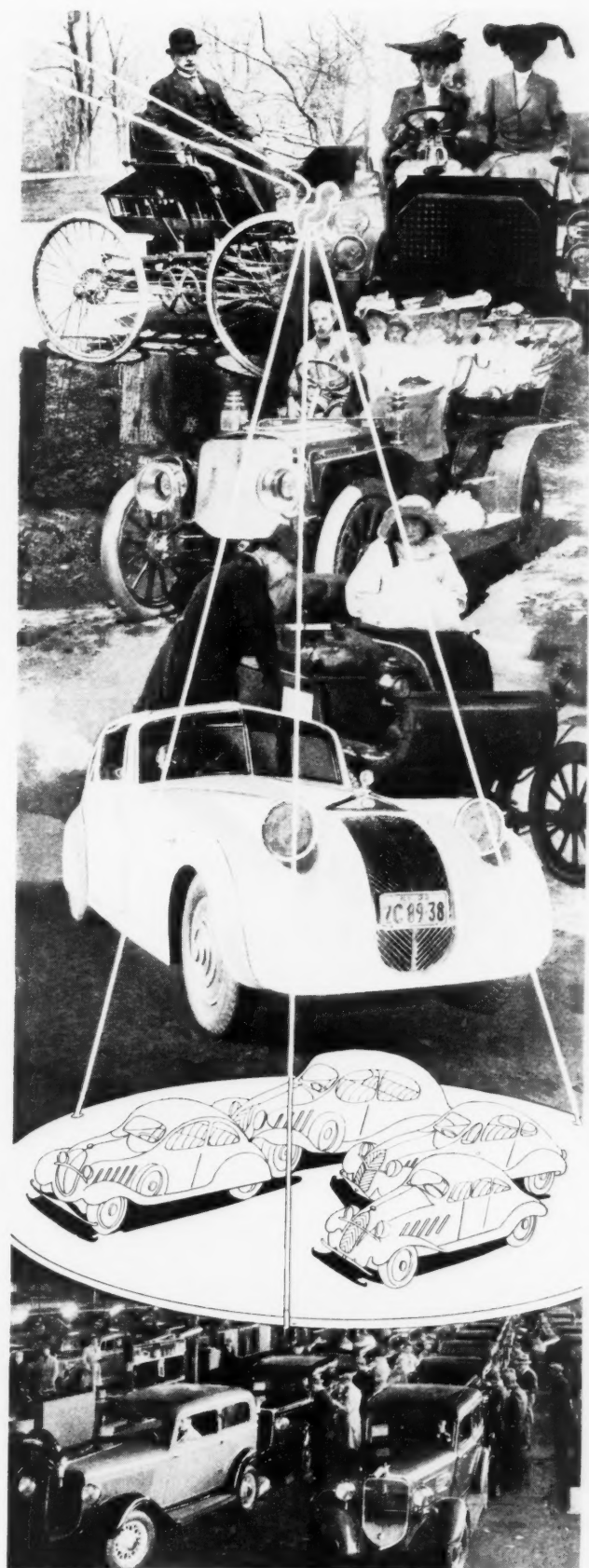
The same sort of thing, both in the scientific and the economic spheres, has happened with other products, such as cotton and sugar cane: and in animal husbandry and fisheries the situation is not dissimilar.

"It has so far proved impossible to build decent and cheap houses so as to give the owner an economic rent."

Social Needs and



Lagging Science



Photomontage and decorations by J. E. Erickson-Armstrong-Roberts

The scientists, in fact, have brilliantly achieved what was asked of them: but their results have on the whole not been applied. The reason for this has nothing to do with science: it has to do with the economic system. The possibilities opened up by science of providing abundance for all have been brought to naught by faulty economic and political machinery.

Or take smoke, that curse of industrial towns. We know, through scientific research, how much waste and damage is caused by the burning of raw coal—the loss of unburnt carbon as soot, the extra cleaning needed, the promotion of fog, the corrosion of buildings, the damage done to plant growth, the effect on human health, partly through fog, partly through deprivation of the sun's ultra-violet light, partly through mental depression from living in dark and grimy surroundings. We also know, again thanks to science, of other methods of utilizing coal—by generating electricity, by conversion into gas, tar, and hard coke, by hydrogenation into motor spirit, by low temperature carbonization or coal-oil distillation into motor spirit together with excellent smokeless fuel.

Yet all this scientific knowledge is not applied: although we prohibit a man with serious infectious disease from freely mixing with his fellows, we do not prohibit the burning of raw coal.

The usual reason given is that it wouldn't pay. It is true that, in most cases at least, it would not pay the immediate user. But if we could strike a balance for society as a whole, to include not only this loss, but the gains to be acquired over the prevention of waste, material damage, and ill health, we should assuredly find that it would pay. One of the most urgent needs, if we wish to see the results of science properly applied, is the devising of means whereby such an all-round balance can be struck for the effect of any measure on society as a whole, instead of merely upon this or that activity, be it business or agriculture, social order or national defence, and then for taking efficient action on the findings.

"In the last twenty years the automobile industry has undergone enormous expansion . . . prices have gone down."

Another and a rather different problem is provided by housing. Have you ever reflected on the strange contrast between the automobile industry and the building industry? In the last twenty years, the automobile industry has undergone enormous expansion, the quality and efficiency of its products have gone up in a spectacular way, and their prices have gone down. The building industry, on the other hand, has merely kept up with the increase in population; its products are on the whole no better than they were (and in some cases of speculative building actually worse), and the price-trend (in real value) has been stationary or upwards.

The possibilities of mass-production, and of utilizing to the full the latest discoveries and applications of science in regard to materials, plumbing, heating, refrigeration, air-conditioning, and so on, have hardly been exploited. Especially is this true for low-cost houses; while for the lowest-paid stratum of workers, even minimum standards of space and decency have not been achieved.

There are various reasons, historical or other, for the lack of mass-production in medium-priced houses. But when it comes to the actual shortage of adequate housing for poor people, the cause is plain—it is the lack of profit incentive. It has so far proved impossible to build decent and cheap houses so as to give the owner an economic rent.

Yet the provision of such housing would pay society as a whole—in the health, energy, and contentment of the unskilled and semi-skilled workers, and perhaps in indirect ways such as the lowering of the birth-rate which always seems to follow the improvement of bad conditions.

WHAT is lacking is, on the one hand, the profit incentive for private industry and, on the other, the machinery for public enterprise. Our grandchildren, living in houses whose every feature of construction and convenience embodies the discoveries and applications of science, will be astonished and shocked at the accommodation—unscientific as well as inadequate—that we were content to provide for a large proportion of our population.

Still another aspect is shown us by the noise problem. Noise has become a serious matter in modern life. Science could do much to check it, and has already achieved some definite results, as in lessening the noise of aircraft. But though a considerable amount of research is being carried on, it is scat-



The ancients cultivated their light-headed wheat by hand — but harvests were proverbially small.



tered and unorganized, in relation to this or that commercial, governmental, or medical aim. There is no central Noise Research Laboratory, after the fashion of the Central Research Laboratories which exist, in Britain at least, for almost every branch of industry, supported partly by the Government and partly by contributions from firms in the industry. This illustrates the point that it is much easier to get scientific research prosecuted, and its applications carried out, in the interests of the producer than in those of the consumer; and the same holds for the nation-state regarded as an organism rather than for the nation regarded as a collection of individual citizens.

If we are to get science realizing its possibilities to the full, we must discover some method for making the demands of the consumer and the citizen more vocal and more effective.

This last point is well illustrated by a recent piece of administrative action in Britain concerning the health of school children. Thanks to the discoveries of the last two decades concerning vitamins and other "accessory" or "protective" food factors, we are able to evaluate the health of the community much more accurately than before. Instead of being driven to take the mere average as a standard, we can frame a real, *optimum* standard of health to which any normal person could attain in favorable conditions. And that *optimum* standard turns out to be much higher than the existing average.

In Great Britain (and without question in other industrial countries) *optimum* diet alone, without other hygienic reforms, would raise the mean height

of the population by one or even two inches, its weight by six to ten pounds, would largely get rid of all kinds of troublesome defects, such as decay in teeth (which turns out to be more an affair of vitamins than the use of the toothbrush), would allow greater vitality of body and mind, and—perhaps most important of all—would markedly increase resistance to infectious diseases.

Milk will do more than any other single natural substance to remedy the dietary deficiencies likely to crop up in modern conditions. Carefully planned experiments have shown that even apparently healthy and well-nourished school-boys are benefited by extra milk, and the effect on those in less favored circumstances is striking.

Last year, the decision was arrived at to distribute milk free to undernourished school-children in Britain. This was a very important step in the right direction. But—and this is the point to which I have been leading up—the step was taken, not on the initiative of the Ministry of Health, nor of the Board of Education, as you might have supposed, but on that of the Milk Marketing Board, anxious to find fresh outlets for its surplus liquid milk. . . .

But I must not spend more time over particular instances. There is, however, one general point I would like to make concerning the general structure of science as it is organized today in industrial countries. Our science is lopsided.

More than half of the money, energy, and brains that go into scientific research are expended on industrial science and those studies, like physics and chemis-

try, which are basic to it. War research, also almost entirely based on physics and chemistry, comes next. The biological sciences, and their applications to agriculture and to human health, receive perhaps a quarter of what goes to support the physico-chemical side: as between different branches, agricultural research receives much more than medical.

Finally there are the distinctively human sciences, such as psychology and sociology: these are the Cinderella of the piece, receiving at most ten percent of what goes into the natural sciences.

THERE is this further general characteristic of our applications of science, that they are largely used for wasteful exploitation instead of for rational use and conservation. New methods are employed for the more rapid cutting and pulping of timber, but little is done for reforestation. Applied science provides new methods for getting oil and coal out of the earth; but when a scientific attempt is made to plan the output of oil, or to treat coal as one of our set of natural resources, whose use should keep orderly pace with others such as oil and electric power, enormous opposition is aroused.

In agriculture, too, this may apply. The demand for quick cash returns leads to the cultivation of areas which should properly be left under forest or grass, resulting in terrible erosion, as in the south-central states, or as, in the western plains both of Canada and the United States, to the bodily blowing away of soil.

Even in psychology, the same trend may be visible: some of the highly scientific methods of motion-study and the like are used to exploit the workmen's capacities in the interest of immediate output, instead of conserving and developing them in the best interests of the community.

Such exploitation of science is merely a part of the wasteful exploitation inherent in an unregulated system of competitive individualism, in which profit is the dominant motive.

Finally, when we look at the general structure and organization of scientific research, we find a very curious distortion. Not only is our scientific structure lopsided, but it is lopsided the wrong way round, in a direction opposite to the real demands of the situation.

Let me explain what I mean by the demands of the situation. Consider first the obvious social needs to be satisfied by the physico-chemical sciences on



Now—a worldwide over-production of wheat due to the plant-breeder's arts and to the new machinery.



the one hand, the biological sciences on the other.

Before the great rise of applied science in the Nineteenth Century, what would the man in the street have asked of these two branches of science? Of the sciences of lifeless matter he would have asked, I suppose, abundant mechanical power, rich variety of chemical products, safe and rapid transport; speedy communication with the ends of the earth, flight, the storage, reproduction, and broadcasting of sounds and visible scenes. And today, all these demands have been met, in principle and in practice.

IF THE biological sciences, on the other hand, he would have asked good health, longer life, happiness, improved domestic animals and plants, riddance of animal and plant pests, control over the growth and temperament of his children; perhaps control over their sex before birth, control of the hereditary qualities of the race. As regards these, some progress has been made with the control of animals and plants but very little in the other fields. In most cases we have not solved the problems even in principle. And yet we spend much less on the sciences of life than on those of lifeless matter.

And when we reflect on the present plight of the world, we see at once that this is not due to any lack of control over nature, whether lifeless or living, other than man: it is due to our lack of control over human nature and man-made social systems—class and nationalist feelings, tariffs, wars, currency, faulty distribution, and the like. Yet we are making so small an effort to provide the scientific knowledge which alone can give us that much-needed control over ourselves and our social systems.

In general, this is once more due to the impersonal pressure exerted by our competitive profit-motive system. When pure science has made its basic discoveries, say in radio, and the discoveries

have been translated into practice, competition between rival manufacturers will see to it that all resources of science are put into the task of improving the commercial product so as to sweep in a larger share of the market.

When, however, the fundamental discoveries have not yet been made, as for instance in regard to the control of animal and human development, commercial competition does not come in, and any possible application is so remote that the ordinary business man or firm would not regard scientific research on the subject as a paying proposition.

It is this pressure for profit that gives our science its paradoxical lopsidedness. This is not to say that the profit motive should be eliminated: merely that we should try to offset it by efforts to apply science in fields where the profit motive does not readily apply.

The next task for pure science to-day is self-study. We need a scientific investigation of science itself, regarded as a function of society, along the same sort of lines that a biologist would study, say, the working of the brain as a function of an animal. Then we want to rouse public opinion to the gaps and defects in our scientific structure.

Our age is only scientific in regard to the foundations of life: the superstructure—all our human organization—is definitely unscientific. The public should realize that science could achieve just as great wonders in the social sphere as it has already done in the sphere of nature. We shall never build a world fit to live in if we do not use the only efficient tool at our command—scientific method—in every sphere of life.

Once public opinion has been aroused, it will realize that in certain domains, scientific research and its application cannot be left to the haphazard operation of blind economic forces. It must be organized, under the aegis of public and semi-public bodies and of the government.

But I have said enough, I hope, to make my point. It is that science, in our competitive system, has been distorted so that it is not serving us as it might. The age of *laissez-faire* is over, in the domain of scientific organization as in that of business. Until we plan a national organization for science and get the best scientific brains

working on those problems which are most vital for our national future, the achievements of science will surely lag far behind its potentialities—and still further behind our crying needs.



Science has shown that decay in teeth is more a matter of vitamins than it is of toothbrushes.

Our Right to Be Let Alone

By Silas Bent

THOSE old fogies amongst my countrymen who have a hankering still for personal dignity and the decencies of privacy should know that their individualities and their homes are legally protected from the public. The Machine Age is the unconscious foe of seclusion. An explorer amid the icy wastes of the Antarctic is within hailing distance of the radio crooner. We are too likely, perhaps, to forget that we have a right to be let alone.

If I speak of those who cherish privacy as old fogies, it is because privacy, apparently by common consent, has been relegated to limbo with the anti-macassar. At least there appears to be no marked gustatory enjoyment of it in my homeland. Such taste as we may have manifested for it in other days has been vitiated. If this were not so, how could the press agent and the "counselor in public relations" so flourish in the land? Not only motion picture stars and circus clowns, but captains of industry, clergymen, and college professors "chisel" for free space. The publicity fever is epidemic, and *hoi polloi* encourages instead of starves the malady.

Now, readers of this journal are aware that technology has brought a new solidarity to the world. It is one of the prime blessings of the modern invention that it makes the world smaller. The miracles of communication and transportation have shrunk this globe to a size no greater, in effect, than a walnut. What once were far horizons have dwindled to a circle within arm's length. And international

Illustrations by Stuart Hay



"One may say that every man may take it or leave it . . . but . . . not every man can get beyond the range of his neighbor's loud speaker."

Rotary has been in the vanguard of those forces which sought to utilize this factor to engender co-operation and solidify friendships for man's mutual advantage. This voluntary and conscious effort to tighten international ties is a heartening sign in times which are restless, distrustful and truculent.

But every Rotarian may well look thoughtfully at the other side of the shield. Nobody supposes that the Machine Age is an unalloyed benison, yet in the outcry against it, too little has been said about its trespass upon personal rights. If we know how that trespass is accomplished, and what our safeguards against it are, we will be the better equipped, surely, to promote amity among individuals, communities, and nations.

I HAVE spoken of the radio's far-flung influence. As for this, one may say that every man may take it or leave it as he chooses; but as a fact, not every man can get beyond the range of his neighbor's loud speaker. He may be compelled, willy-nilly, to improve his mind, as his neighbor is doing, with the ballyhoo of cosmetics, toothpaste, or safety razors. But there is a subtler way in which individual rights are infringed through this agency. A survey by

the *Free Press* of Ventura, California, has convinced the editors of this paper, at least, that the radio public fails to get what it wants, under a system wholly supported by advertising.* (Precisely the same charge, one instantly reflects, might be brought against the daily press.) The *Free Press* asserts that the American public, which pays more than \$300,000,000 a year for power, new tubes, repairs, and replacements for its 18,500,000 receiving-sets, prefers, if numerous broadcast inquiries are to be accepted, news and information, classical music, popular music and jazz, then dramatic presentations, in the order named; but that, through the dictation of the advertiser, the third item in the list — mostly jazz — occupies two-thirds of all program time. If this is true, the listener has no real opportunity of free choice in the matter.

Even the talking motion picture catches some of us unawares. As a rule the victim is a criminal, or a person suspected of crime, and we need waste no special sympathy on him. He is pictured and his words are captured even at the moment officers of the law descend upon him. If he confesses, his phrases are as likely as not to become the property of the masses. We still endeavor, presumably, to commit murder and other felonies in private, but we cannot be sure of repenting save with an audience. And there is just no telling when this machinery may become as nearly ubiquitous as the camera or the inquiring reporter.

That may seem a somewhat far-

fetched forecast; but it is worth recalling that less than half a century ago one "sat" for a photograph as though for a painting, often with a brace at the back of the head to keep it steady while looking pleasant, please. Since then the camera has been so improved in mobility and in speed that no man can be certain when or where his picture may be made. If this has happened in photography, why not in the talking movie?

Not long ago a young woman in Baltimore sued a newspaper, a chain of motion picture houses, and two taxicab companies, jointly, for the use of her photographs without her consent in ad-

vertising. Judge Eugene O'Dunne, in the Superior Court, commented that such a case "was one with which courts were unfamiliar prior to 1890." So recently has the right of privacy come into legal recognition. "Certain litigation instituted in New York about that time," Judge O'Dunne continued, "and later, the joint article in December, 1890, of Brandeis and Warren, attracted some special attention, because of the supposed

novelty of the doctrine. . . . When abuse of human rights and discussion of legal doctrines awaken popular interest, and find their way into serious discussion in the higher class periodicals, it is time for the courts to stop, look, and listen, and ascertain what it is all about."

We shall return presently to the article by Brandeis and Warren, to which Judge O'Dunne referred, which has been cited more than once from the bench as though it constituted a precedent, although in fact it was written for the *Harvard Law Review*. Before I do that, I wish to call you to the telephone.



"We are entitled to our moments of meditation in quiet solitude. . . . Each of us has the right to be let alone."

*For a discussion of this question see the debate, *Radio—The British Way and Radio—The American Way*, in THE ROTARIAN for May, 1934.

If you found it necessary to call in person upon a man to arrange a matter of business, a lunch, or a poker party, you would think twice about it; with the telephone at hand, you may call him lightly from a directors' meeting, the golf links, or his mother's funeral. On one occasion, when I had a longish spot of work to complete within a specified time, I had the telephone disconnected; on another such occasion, I moved into a place where there was no telephone, and informed my friends that if they wanted to discuss the weather with me they could do it by telegraph. The telephone was meant to be a marvel of convenience, but its *abuse* has made it a necessary nuisance; and it enters the nuisance class by its facility in invading our privacy.

Justice Louis D. Brandeis, a quarter of a century before he entered the highest tribunal of the United States, collaborated with Samuel D. Warren, then a distinguished member of the Boston bar, in writing that pioneer paper in which they undertook to establish the existence of a legal principle for the protection of privacy. This bold, incisive, and closely reasoned document is unfamiliar for the most part

to the layman. It does not depend for its basis upon statutory enactments in particular states of the United States, but on an established power under the English common law, which is the foundation stone of the law in more than half the civilized world. And they made frequent use of Judge Thomas McIntyre Cooley's phrase, "the right to be let alone."

FOR two centuries, the authors found, the common law provided full protection to the individual "in person and in property"; gradually the scope of these early rights was broadened, as social, political, economic, and mechanical changes entailed new conditions. Finally there came to be a recognition of man's spiritual nature.

Even before the laws of slander and libel were formulated, the individual was protected "against offensive noises and odors, against dust and smoke, and excessive vibration." Technically these were known as injuries to property; "but the recognition of the right to have property free from interference by such nuisances involves also a recognition of the value of human sensations." In urban communities we do not have ill-smelling pig-sties near us, but we are sometimes subject to the annoyance of a powerful motor nearby, without knowing that we have a remedy for the resultant vibration.

Even more interesting is the reference to "offensive noises." Let your neighbor with the loud speaker put that in his pipe and smoke it. Heaven forefend that the dissemination of this intelligence should clutter our courts with nuisance complaints; probably a mild verbal protest in any case would be enough to bring relief.

The authors of this paper found that "numerous mechanical devices threaten to make good the prediction that 'what is whispered in the closet shall be proclaimed from the house-tops'." They discovered that we are duly protected from gossip, which "both belittles and perverts." Such triviality they observed, "destroys at once robustness of thought and delicacy of feeling. No enthusiasm can flourish, no generous impulse can survive, under its blighting influence."

To each individual the common law reserves the right, according to these eminent author- [Continued on page 52]



Lizzie Dobson Has Visitors

By Constance Nicholson Lea

SPRING had come to Princess Court. Ragged little boys were sailing improvised boats upon the dirty water that rushed down the gutters, and sunshine emphasized the squalor of the houses leaning against each other.

There was something doing at No. 12. The windows had been cleaned and the steps swept. Neighbors could be seen going in and coming out, sometimes singly and sometimes in little groups of two and three.

Sitting on the front doorstep of No. 17 was Mrs. Mugridge. She was entertaining a visitor. The latter had noticed the continual stream of women entering and leaving the house across the street. Her curiosity was aroused.

"I say, Mrs. Mugridge," she asked at last, "is there anybody dead over there? I been seein' folks goin' in and out ever since we been sittin' here."

"No," replied the hostess. "There ain't anyone dead. It's t'other way round. The ladies of some big club has sent Mrs. Dobson a baby's layout for her sixth, and all the neighbors is goin' in to have a look at it. I ain't seen it myself. Lizzie Dobson and me ain't speakin', but Nellie Turner was tellin' me it ain't nothin' like the ones the mission gives, or the settlement workers, or the city relief. She says there ain't been a outfit like it in this district before. I'd like to see it. But then, as I tell you, Lizzie and me ain't speakin'."

The visitor looked wistfully at No. 12.

"Gee, I'd like to go over and have a look at it!" she sighed. She glanced at her companion and thought she noted signs of weakening, so she added coaxingly, "Come on, Mrs. Mugridge. Let's go. If you ain't speakin' to the lady, this is as good a time as any to make up. I'm dyin' to see that there layout."

Mrs. Mugridge hesitated a moment, then said:

"All right, but we'll have to go in the house and wash our hands first. They say Lizzie Dobson's mother sits beside the layout all the time and she won't let no one touch a thing if their hands ain't 'specially clean.'"

A few minutes later the two women stood in front of No. 12. In answer to their knock, a little girl,

Princess Court is a tiny street in a dreary slum district of a great city, but not too deeply hidden for some women to find.

unwontedly tidy of person and clothing, opened the door.

"It's Mrs. Mugridge, Ma!" the child called back over her shoulder. A woman with a white face and tired eyes came forward with a slightly hostile air. Mrs. Mugridge, however, knew how to handle an awkward situation.

"Well, Lizzie, and how are you?" she cried with hearty cheerfulness. "This is my friend Mrs. Wilson from Gibson Avenue—over the bridge, you know. She's been visitin' me and we thought we'd like to come and see the baby things that's been sent you. Everyone says they're grand!"

Lizzie Dobson was hostile no longer. She smiled at her visitor and her pale cheeks flushed with pleasure.

"Come in and see them," she invited hospitably.

Like devout pilgrims visiting a shrine, the women entered the bare room and approached a low cot. Here, spread out upon a clean sheet, lay a collection of baby garments. They were of the softest and finest texture, and some of them were daintily trimmed with pink. They seemed, somehow, strangely at variance with the poverty of their surroundings. A wrinkled and toothless old woman sat close by. She looked suspiciously at the newcomers, then gave a grudging consent when they asked if they might handle the lovely things.

THERE were surprised and enthusiastic exclamations of admiration. Lizzie Dobson bent over the exhibit and displayed each tiny article pridefully, drawing attention to the fine points of each.

"Did you ever see a cuter little jacket?" she asked, holding up a creation of soft wool and pink silk.

"Oh, it's lovely!" agreed Mrs. Mugridge, "and look at this here blanket—it's all edged with real satin. Fancy all these dresses and coats and little bootees! I never seen the beat of it, and that's the truth, Lizzie."

"What's this?"

"That's a nightdress for me," exclaimed Lizzie

Dobson importantly. "Just look at the lace on it, would you! Feel the stuff! Did you ever see nicer flannelette?"

"I never did!" said both visitors together, and Mrs. Wilson added with emphasis, "Well, I never heard the like of that! Fancy puttin' in a nightdress for the mother, too!"

"What do you know about this?" cried Mrs. Mugridge, "Here's nice smelly soap and talcum powder. I guess that's what makes everything smell so nice. How come you got such a swell layout, Lizzie? You never got nothin' so grand before."

"It's the new social worker done it," explained the owner of the layette. "She knows some ladies—they're wives of members of the Rotary club. Rotary Anns, they're called. They make these here for poor mothers. When the social worker found that none of the other relief societies had got a layout for me, she said she'd get me one from the ladies of this here club. But I tell you, I never expected this."

Lizzie Dobson fingered the little garments tenderly. Her face was very sober and thoughtful, though her eyes were smiling.

"It's queer," she said musingly, "what a difference this here layout has made to the way I feel inside. At first I hated the thought of this baby comin'. What with my man bein' out of work so long, and the children needin' clothes, and the rent behind, and all the like of that, but now it seems I don't mind so much. Babies are such nice little things, giggling and cooing—why, they change everybody 'round them. I'm kind of wantin' to see my baby in these here pretty things, and I'm crazy to put on the nightgown!"

"It won't be long now," said the old woman getting up and sending the Dobson children, who had been standing at a respectful distance, into the kitchen, "Go and wash yourselves, you kids!" she ordered. "I think that it's gettin' near to supper time."

"I guess I'll put the things back in the box now," said Lizzie Dobson. With reverent hands she folded the soft little garments. The two visitors bade her a reluctant and kindly farewell.

And that's almost the end of this little story about Lizzie Dobson and her layette. The rest of it is simply that this gift and the baby that arrived soon afterwards brought a ray of cheery sunlight into the drab lives of the women of Princess Court. At least, to this observer, it seemed that the women who had gazed upon the gift, from that moment bowed their shoulders a little less in weariness, and their eyes were a bit brighter.

The cloud of discouragement and despair was lifted, temporarily at least, from this corner of a dreary slum in a great city.



"Babies are such nice little things, giggling and cooing—why, they change everybody 'round them."

It's a very simple game. You merely try to fell ten pins with a ball.



Bowl, Men, Bowl!

By J. F. Engleman

Rotary Club of Kansas City, Missouri

An informal story about an old fashioned game that is bringing Rotarians on both sides of the Pacific into a closer fellowship.

THE PAGES of this paladin of service and herald of pastimes-that-are-clean have carried many interesting stories on all manner of sports. We have read how baseball clubs are put together, and we have consorted with ball players and club owners. We have even been admonished to respect and to love umpires and referees. We have been told about hockey and tennis, and we have enjoyed featured articles in noble picture and gallant print extolling that most heroic deed of all sporting prowess—making a hole-in-one. But never a line have we read nor a purl of a peep have we heard concerning that oldest and most respected of games known as bowling.*

Here is a game that was made to order for Rotarians. It fits into the club picture as neatly as do Community and/or Vocational Service. Let us en-

ertain no doubt that some day some reference to it will be worked into the Objects of Rotary. If you can not grant that, we shall not argue about it, of course. Nevertheless, the game has caught the fancy of Rotary Clubs everywhere, so it is fitting, it is proper, it is timely to indulge here in a friendly little "fanning bee."

Surely, the time is propitious. The winter season is here for those of us in northern climes, and our club officers already are casting about for ways and means of keeping members interested in club affairs—and above all in each other. After all, fellowship comes pretty close to the core of Rotary.

Bowling is, really, a simple game. You go to an alley—almost every town has 'em—take a ball, plug your fingers into it, then roll it down a perfectly level floor in such a way as to knock over ten innocently staring pins.

If you happen to hit "Louis," the foremost pin,

*Not so, however, all readers of THE ROTARIAN. Jim Spencer and Ken Bixby told in these columns in October, 1933, of *Lawn Bowling—Rival of Golf*. Lawn bowling is a first cousin—or should it be grandfather?—of the game of which Author Engleman writes. No one knows exactly when bowling began, but records of Twelfth Century sport mention such a game. It later became a favorite sport of royalty.—Ed.

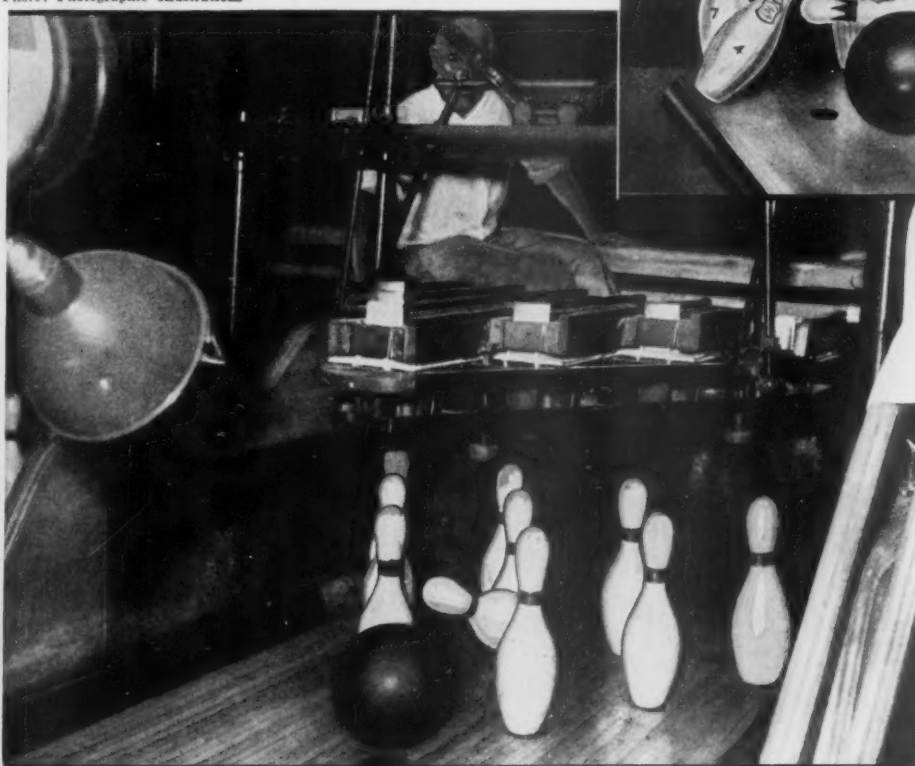
"on the nose" probably the rest will roll over too. If they do, that's a "strike" for you and counts ten points plus the total of your next two efforts. If you don't "strike" you get another chance. Perhaps you topple all that remain. That's a "spare" for you, mister, which means ten points plus the results of your next bowl. Simple, isn't it? And you will have ten turns at the alley in a game. If you strike every time, your score is 300. But, that isn't so simple, and I strongly urge the neophyte not to count too much on making more than one perfect game on the happy occasion of his first night out.

Bowling is a player's game. The best way to enjoy it is not to perch on the balconies, but to get in there and roll a few yourself. It doesn't take years of patient practice nor a back-breaking load of expensive, choice, and assorted equipment. There are some games that do, you know.

Bowling is first-class exercise—and how! The morning after the first time you "crack the maples," you will discover shortly before breakfast that you are the proud and happy possessor of muscles in infinite variety located in inaccessible and strange portions of your anatomy.

The ancient sport of bowling, my friends, if given half a chance, will keep the mind alert, the body supple, delay annealed arteries, stop angina pectoris in its tracks, and, strange to say, has been known to relieve flat feet and swelled heads.

Photo: Photographic Illustrations

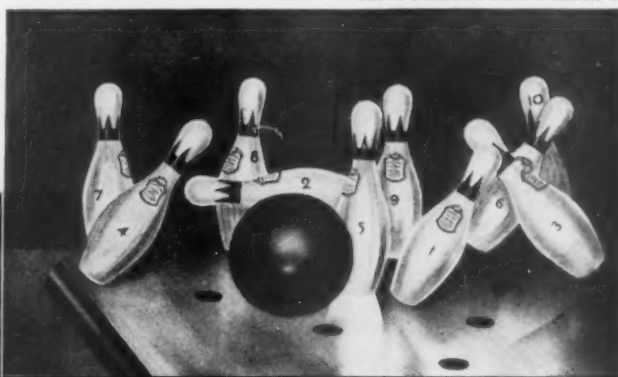


It is a game for men of all ages. I might add women, too, but that is too delicate ground for me to tread. It can be played with the reckless, consuming vigor of seventeen or the studied, cautious *eclat* of seventy. It teaches the young man to respect his elders, and the old man learns toleration for the flaming impatience of youth.

THIS seems to be a good place to lay low the ghost of that ancient "wheeze" that it takes a weak mind and a strong back to make a good bowler. It is, of course, a palpable falsehood. It is one of those myths handed down from one generation to the next, and has actually kept some good men in the "hoity-toity" stratum from enjoying the good old game. Why, your deponent knoweth of and enjoyeth the intimate acquaintance of some fair bowlers who are equally weak in both departments!

As an aid to the building of closer acquaintance among members of the club, bowling can not be equaled. Here is where a bowling league fits in so cleverly with the Aims and Objects of Rotary. In the larger clubs the matter of getting the members to know each other is always a problem. It has been

Photo: Brunswick-Balke-Collander Co.



Bowlers know the pins by numbers. When No. 1 is hit properly, it and the ball topple all ten, and give the player "a strike." Above is shown the bowler's classic strike. The ball in the picture at the left hit No. 1, but too squarely, and brought down but nine pins—a "spare." Note the pinsetter perched behind the pin rack. His not-too-romantic rôle in the game is to spread fallen pins over the frame, then drop them into position to be knocked down again.

asserted that, in clubs with memberships of 200 and above, half of the men do not know the other half.

Here is where bowling gallops gallantly into the drama. Without a doubt, bowling fosters acquaintanceship faster and establishes friendships on a firmer foundation than any other social activity in which any organization can indulge.

THERE is only one purpose in having a bowling league in any Rotary Club. Such a league can not hope to excel in the game to any great degree. No records will be shattered—and the plaudits of the multitudes will be lacking. Obviously, its object is simply the forging of a cohesive effort in stimulating fellowship, camaraderie, and friendships that do last.

When the American Bowling Congress met in Kansas City in 1928, the show was inaugurated and the contests were opened by the appearance on the alleys of fifty-six booster teams made up wholly from the membership of the Kansas City Rotary Club. Some of those bowling tyros didn't know whether the 16-pound sphere handed to them was to be heaved, or rolled, or shot out of a cannon. Perhaps some of them would rather have faced the cannon, but did any of them flinch or falter? Not a flinch! They were there to boost the game, put in a few lusty "licks" for their club, and to foster a better feeling of fellowship. The idea was a good one and was worked out well!

Let me repeat. The spirit of fellowship must prevail in any Rotary bowling league. Every member

who presents himself must be given a chance. Some will have an average score ranging between mediocre and "punk"—but that doesn't mean that they are not good fellows and not worth knowing.

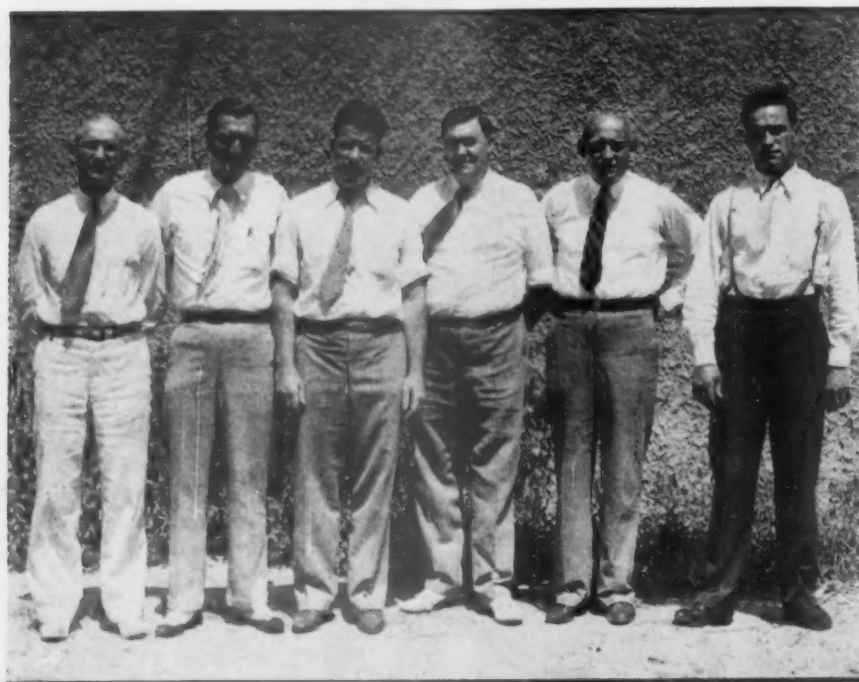
It is easy to organize a league. Man is a gregarious animal, and Rotarians are especially inclined to be that way or they wouldn't be Rotarians. Most of them will welcome an opportunity to mix more intimately with their fellow members.

The Rotary Club of Kansas City, of which the scribbler of these lines is a member, has been sponsoring bowling for several years. Now, it has a thriving league, and more than a hundred Kansas City Rotarians gather on the alleys every week during the winter months to bowl, and to chat, and to relieve workaday cares. The league elects its own officers, handles its own funds—and is a credit to the club. And the same could be written of leagues in scores of other cities.

If the reader fears, as some have feared, that there might be a tendency for the bowlers to form a clique, an "inner circle" within a Rotary Club which might exert undue influence in favor of its members, let him look about him and see the bowlers in action. Surely, the benefits of the wholesome fellowship developed out-weigh by far this fancied danger.

But bowling's good effects aren't limited to single clubs; inter-city matches are common. And for nineteen years a Rotary Telegraphic Bowling League has kept the wires humming during its annual tournaments. Last year, fifty teams from as many cities were registered. One was from out across the Pacific—Shanghai, China—which goes to show that bowling may have undeveloped possibilities for Rotary in an international way.

Each participating club in the Telegraphic League enters one team, composed of its best bowlers. Some surprisingly large scores have been recorded, and each year the competition is be- [Continued on page 54]



Fremont, Ohio, got into the Rotary Telegraphic Bowling League in 1932. Last year, it led all. Left to right: Captain A. Otto Baumann; Robert Tschumy, H. W. Bowden, Stanley Wolfe, Russell Heitbrink, and Claude Wisbon.

The American Element in Rotary

By R. Ver Loren van Themaat

Rotarian, Nijmegen, The Netherlands

*Illustrations by
Albert H. Winkler*



"This idea is so strong in America that once a friend there said to me: 'I have to buy an umbrella at so-and-so's because he's a member of my club.'"

IT CANNOT be denied that Rotary is imported from the United States as have been imported into our country typewriters and telephones and Ford automobiles and intellectual influences like jazz music, films, Christian Science, James' Pragmatism, Taylorism, and many another.

There are many Europeans who offer resistance, mental resistance against such American imports. I, myself, intuitively belong to that group. Quite some time ago I discussed things with a friend from college, who is also a Rotarian, and I pointed out that I found it hard to digest Americanisms in Rotary.

"We in our club," he quickly retorted, "do not concern ourselves about America." But we were both wrong, for one cannot be a Rotarian and ignore the origin of Rotary. Rotary is so essentially American that we cannot ignore America without throwing overboard many material elements.

Altogether, it is a forward step in internationalism

if we accept the American viewpoint of Rotary. For our internationalism has to begin with the understanding that other peoples might hold different views and even then need not be absolutely wrong. And profound philosophical meditations carry not much further for a practical understanding of another state of mind.

Keyserling's observation that in America we find the very extreme consequence of Western European civilization is interesting. Doubtless there are some elements of truth in it, but this like all such statements runs the risk of generalizing, and thus there is danger that the idea will be accepted for reality. I rather prefer, therefore, to discover for myself what is American in Rotary.

According to the minutes of a Rotary meeting at The Hague at which Rotary's founder, Paul Harris, and his travelling companion Shands were guests, the latter spoke flatteringly of Rotary in Europe:

"As to the understanding of Rotary, the European Rotarian is far more advanced than the American. He takes the spirit, meditates, and concentrates on its meaning. The American Rotarian has to exert himself in order to realize Rotary's ideal in his personal and business life, whereas to the European Rotarian the basic principles are self-evident. Americans, therefore, are especially interested in Objects One to Five (now One to Three), whereas Europe with all her different races and nations emphasizes the Sixth (now Fourth) Object."

IN my opinion, these remarks of Shands are by far too friendly. Willingly I agree that in America the first three objects hold greater interest than they do over here. However, I do not think that the reason is that we have thoroughly absorbed them, but rather that we, or a part of us, do not care for them.

The first three objects are altogether typically American—American in their conception of business, of personal relations between businessmen.

Carnegie is reputed to have said something to this effect: "I never thought of doing business with somebody because he was my friend, but I made friends with everybody with whom I did business." This conception that the men with whom we do business are our friends, is not generally adopted in Europe as it is in America. It is also embodied in Rotary.

Another Americanism in Rotary is that it does not consider business as providing only the necessities of the lower material part of life, to which a higher spiritual life has to add real value, but that it recognizes that it is business which develops men's best qualities, that everyday's doings are of great importance to an individual, that it is not business' chief task to make money, but to be an ideal in itself. Rotary identifies business with service. Service is a common American ideal.

To the "big businessman," the money he earns is not primarily a means to live in great luxury, but rather a medium to do bigger business, to exercise greater influence by the weight of his own personality. An American, therefore, is not ashamed to talk business on any occasion whatever. In Europe, this attitude has often been considered uncultivated. In my opinion, the American point of view is a gain for us. Our business must have an ideal and must be conducted from a higher standpoint and not be considered merely an inferior part of our existence.

Still another American element in Rotary is the ideal of "leaders of men" which finds its expression in the admission terms. Only he who leads can become a Rotarian. Seldom in Europe is the feeling expressed that all those in leading positions thereby have first of all a responsibility toward those who are in their employ. From my own American experience, I preserved the strong impression that in spite of all complaints about working conditions, relations profited much by the marked and ideal sense which each superior has of his leadership.

Without doubt, the excellent club spirit is another American contribution to Rotary. I feel sure that many European Rotarians are not conscious of the fact that Rotary in America is just one of an infinity of club organizations, and that clubs there are a characteristic national phenomenon. In their social relations, many Americans are first of all club men, whether they belong to one of the students' fraternities, social, or scholastic, like Phi Beta Kappa, and in which also the alumni retain membership, or whether they belong to one of the large associations.

Personally, I am not in favor of this Americanism. In my opinion, it is not a gain but a loss when we over-rate the circle of our club and form a close unit, not open to others. For it will result in giving the club spirit a too exclusive cast. Out of this grows what Americans call "patronage"—helping each other in business through friends and club members. This idea is so strong in America that once a friend there said to me: "I have to buy an umbrella at so-and-so's because he is a member of my club." Evidently he meant to introduce me.

This American conception of patronage, which Rotary altogether rejects, is also a point which we have to look upon soberly and objectively. An American sees it differently and considers such patronage a strong moral bond uniting men of the same goodwill. I think that we in Europe see it otherwise and find it better to keep our friendships and business relations strictly apart.

CONCURRENT with this extraordinary and strong club feeling of an American is his inclination to identify the club ideal with his view of life. According to my opinion, as well as the Aims and Objects of Rotary, the idea of Rotary represents no view of life. The mind has to be open to men of all creeds and to the followers of any philosophical school. In my opinion, this is the only proper standpoint.

"In my opinion, it is not a gain but a loss when we . . . form a close unit not open to others."



As to the great problems of life, Rotary preserves silence. Reading the publications of Rotary in America, however, it would seem that Rotary stands for a complete philosophical system. I consider this an Americanism against which we should be on guard. Let it suffice to say that Rotary offers business ethics, but does not offer a philosophy; its strength here finds its limitations.

AMERICAN in Rotary is also a frankness on personal experiences and a great interest in individual practices, as compared with European tendencies favoring more general considerations. This Americanism is certainly a gain for us.

American above all, however, and one of the fundamentals of American national spirit as well as of Rotary, is the optimism, the faith in the possibility of improving the world through our personal actions and through our personality. In Europe it is not *bon ton* to be an optimist; our philosophers have made many harsh remarks on optimism.

One of the utterances of Bolland reads about as follows: "Only simpletons and children can be optimists." I know very well myself that this is philosophically intended and that even in its philosophical sense it has its truth, for is not philosophy in the last analysis a view of life? America has had for philosophers Emerson and James, both of

whom were always recognized as being optimists.

Unless we acquire some of America's optimism, we cannot properly be called Rotarians. Johan Huizinga in his book on America sets forth what he calls "the Credo of America." It is:

To live to our highest in all things that pertain to us, to lend a hand as best we can to all others for this end;

To aid in righting the wrongs that cross our path by pointing the wrong-doer to a better way and thus aid him in becoming a power for good; to remain in nature always sweet and simple and humble and therefore strong;

To open ourselves fully and keep ourselves pure and clean as channels for the Divine Power to work through us, to turn toward and keep our faces always to the light;

To do our own thinking; listening quietly to the opinions of others, and to be sufficiently men and women to act always upon our own convictions, to do our duty as we see it, regardless of the opinions of others, gain or loss, temporary blame or praise;

To love all things and to stand in awe or fear of nothing save our own wrong-doing; to recognize the good lying at the heart of the people, of all things working for expression all in its own good way and time;

To love the fields and the wild flowers, the stars, the far open sea, the soft, warm earth, and to live much with them alone, but to love struggling and weary men and women and every pulsing living creature better.

Is this not, in a certain sense, the basis for service above self and service to the community? So stands as American the phenomenon Rotary on the foundation of this optimism, and although it is no view of life and may not even claim to be, Rotary cannot be thought of without this American background.





The ROTARIAN

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THE Objects of Rotary are to encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and, in particular, to encourage and foster:

- (1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.
- (2) High ethical standards in business and professions; the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations; and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.
- (3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.
- (4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

Editorial Comment

Inventors and New Jobs

THE TAP-ROOT of the unemployment problem that so vexes mankind today, is the amazing spurt human intelligence has taken in the past two centuries. Often we call it Science, or simply The Machine. But in consideration of its social effects, either characterization is inadequate and often misleading.

This the English economist, Ravenshear, has pointed out. He distinguished between inventions which, like the automobile, make many jobs where few were before, and those which refine and perfect processes, reducing the number of men employed. Recent years have been relatively sterile in development of "new things" which create employment, but highly productive in inventions which reduce it.

A recent survey of the automobile industry, once a creator of new jobs, brings to light these significant facts, reported in *The New York Times*:

In 1930 about 250 men finished 100 motor blocks in a unit of time. Now nineteen finish 250 in the same time.

A new photoelectric inspecting machine dispenses with ten to twenty human inspectors.

A device operated by liquid air puts ring-inserts in cylinder blocks and reduces labor costs 60 per cent.

In 1929 the labor cost of one manufacturer's door was \$4. In 1935 it is 15 cents.

If used full time an automatic buffer in a hardware plant can displace fifty men.

Welding machines enable three men to do what nineteen did six years ago.

These statistics are startling, for doubtless they reflect a similar condition in other industries. That being so, is it correct to assume that inventors who eliminate jobs are to continue to be more productive than those who create jobs? Or is the slack of technological unemployment to be taken up by new job-making industries, such as Diesel engines and air

conditioning? If not, is society to have a steadily increasing army of the permanently unemployed? Or, will lagging social science discover better ways to distribute work—and leisure time—among the many for the benefit of the many?

Hobbyitis

NOTHING new in Rotary are hobby shows for boys and girls. Hobby shows for adults—those boys and girls who have grown tall and become fearfully self-conscious—are not so common. But the Rotary Club of New Haven, Connecticut, staged one last year under a special Avocations Committee, which was so successful that, doubtless, it will become an annual affair on the New Haven Rotary calendar.

Twenty-nine New Haven Rotarians exhibited in three groupings: doing things, making things, collecting things. Under the first two of those classifications, there were motion pictures, still photographs, maps, model ships, linoleum prints—all of a quality that Farnsworth Crowder, whose article in this issue no hobbyist should overlook, would approve.

The display of collections was amazingly heterogeneous. William Lyon "Billy" Phelps was there with autographs of famous people. Another Rotarian exhibited 1,500-year-old Chinese snuff bottles. Harness decorations, dating from antiquity, occupied another case. Bottles, candle snuffers, pewter ware, Indian curios, war posters, Japanese prints, valentines from 1845 to 1875—so the list runs on.

New Haven may have more than the usual proportion of Rotarian hobbyists; but proof is lacking. Even though that were the case, it is unquestionably true that hardly is there a Rotary Club anywhere, no matter what its size, but has men who have learned

the deep satisfaction of a leisure-time avocation. Not a great deal of encouragement will be needed to get them to tell about their hobbies, to exhibit them. And when this is done—well, the malady is called hobbyitis. It is highly infectious—and every man leading a busy life should catch it.

Get the Facts First

THE REMARKABLY foresighted effort of the Chicago Rotary Club "to discover whither we are bound and why," which took the form of a survey by disinterested parties, has made a ripple in Rotary thinking that will not soon smooth out. *Rotary* is frequently quoted, often referred to in Rotary gatherings and literature, and its University of Chicago imprint has helped give the movement a new status in academic circles.

News that a trained researcher will soon institute a similar survey of the Rotary Club of Ontario, California, is gratifying. Fact-finding inquiries of Rotary Clubs of all sizes and especially those adapting the Rotary idea to unusual conditions will, it is to be hoped, ultimately follow. From sifted and collated data so acquired, modes of action more logical and more effective will materialize. This is not sheer theory. It is the method of practical men, never set forth more clearly than by La Fayette who said:

"I read, I study, I examine, I listen, I reflect, and out of all this I try to form an idea into which I put as much common sense as I can."

On Doing Nothing Well

IF YOU believe that man's right to be let alone is an inalienable and a very worthy right, you will agree with Silas Bent, who writes in this issue. We do.

But what would you do with one hour of utter solitude? It is possible that you might be embarrassed, even afraid. Many men have confessed that when the din of affairs suddenly subsided they found themselves distinctly uncomfortable "in this solitude where we are least alone."

If, in this hour of quietude and aloneness, you find ease and contentment, your mind doubtless will soon turn to spinning those endless skeins of association of ideas which, when retraced, often are amusingly tenuous. This is woolgathering. A fine old custom it is, for often it ends in dozing, and dozing in sleep.

But woolgathering may also lead to something of more lasting consequence than an afternoon nap. Many a business man, feet cocked upon his desk, eyes turned upon an open window, has learned that it is possible to be "creatively lazy."

Mozart, you may have seen it recorded, conceived the theme for a minuet while chalking his billiard cue in a game he was playing solitarily one evening. A successful business strategy was once born in the mind of a man who sat looking dully into a goldfish bowl. Unnumbered are the ideas an hour of isolation may parade in a man's subconsciousness. "Solitude," to let Dryden make an end of this, "is as needful to the imagination as society to the character."

Remember the Reporter

BEFORE a complaint is made that a newspaper does not "do justice to our club," it were well that two questions be asked.

First: Are we engaged in activities that make *news*?

Second: Are we, in the jargon of the press, giving the reporter "a break"?

Both, as was incisively pointed out at a recent conference of Rotarian newspapermen, are important. "A live club does things," one participant declared, "and that, if the light isn't hid under a bushel, makes news."

There's no mystery about "how to get it into the paper." News doesn't fly on unseen wings to the editorial sanctum. It must be painstakingly gathered by reporters. Reporters are conscious of the importance of the press, understanding of its obligation to the community and, withal, a very human lot. Only a black-sheep among them does not appreciate coöperation and respect confidences.

When North Winds Blow

BEFORE snow flies, it would be a good idea if someone in every Rotary Club were to give a thought to its welcome sign—you know, out there just beyond the city limits.

Just drive out in the country, and as you approach your city, look for the sign as you would if you were a visiting Rotarian. Is the paint faded, scaly, and washed-out? If it is, would you, as a stranger, expect to find a genial, warm-blooded, enthusiastic band of Rotarians glad to welcome you?



"One of the most promising of all public-service careers for young men lies in city government. Today city managers run the business of about 450 cities. This year, at least twelve others are campaigning for the city management plan."

Jobs for Bright Boys . . . By Walter B. Pitkin

DO YOU know a career-seeker in a hundred—a young man with a first-class mind, first-rate energy, and a personality that we call, somewhat vaguely, the "leadership" type?

He may be a superior college student in search of a vocation. Possibly he's among the ablest of our young unemployed engineers. If such a Super-Youth seeks a field eminently suited to his superior abilities, tell him about professional public service. For at last our antiquated governments, local and federal, are learning the lesson long since mastered by Big Business: Successful enterprise calls for brains at the top.

Today the biggest enterprise of all is the people's business. It demands and will pay well for competent executives and administrators professionally equipped to give citizens and taxpayers their money's worth.

Public service is a broad field, constantly changing. You can't classify its jobs by numbers and regions. But there are hundreds of opportunities in local government now open or soon available that call for trained public administrators. They fall into two large classes:

1. Opportunities in administering the business of small towns, cities, and a few counties; and

2. Opportunities in three main types of research in government problems: in universities, in privately organized government research bureaus, and openings

New openings in public service . . . Another of the articles in the 'Careers for Youth' series.

on the research staffs of the governments themselves.

All these fields are closely related. Experience in one frequently qualifies candidates for openings in the others.

One of the most promising of all public-service careers for young men lies in city management. Today city managers run the business of about 450 cities. This year, at least twelve others are campaigning for the city management plan. Dozens of other cities will shortly follow the city-manager band-wagon, sick and tired of wasteful, obsolete, politics-ridden municipal government.

Each of these cities will employ not only a trained city manager, but professionally qualified experts in all subordinate municipal jobs. No politicians wanted in city management! So jobs will open up steadily for dozens of suitably trained young men. How must they prepare themselves for the openings?

They must be college graduates. Engineering training is valuable. Most city managers today are either engineers or business executives. So young engineers who get further training in public administration will be particularly well-qualified for city management.

Many colleges offer courses especially designed for prospective city managers. They include at least the following: the

University of California, University of Michigan, Stanford University, Syracuse University, and the Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College. Most of the larger universities offer graduate work in government and political science, which if practical, is ground work for a career in public service. The International City Managers' Association, South Drexel Avenue and East 58th Street, Chicago, offers a complete series of extension courses covering the entire field of municipal administration.

AFTER such post-graduate work, then what? The prospective city manager can turn to no employment agency. None exists in his field. Getting a toe-hold is a tough job. But he must stick at it. Finding an opening is a matter of ability, time, contacts, and sometimes pure chance.

Our candidate may follow a course somewhat like this: He will learn, through his professors and through experienced public service workers, of openings in research. During the past fifteen years or so, there has been developing a very practical research movement. Today there are about a hundred privately organized research bureaus (like the Detroit Bureau of Government Research) that carry on continuous study and exper-

iment in problems of government. Each of these bureaus employs at least five or six men (and sometimes women, especially in the subordinate positions) trained in the technique of government administration.

The bureaus vary in size. During the past few years, some have reduced their staffs. But none has gone out of business. Here, then, are at least five or six hundred jobs. Again, our young man might find a job in university research, a field of growing importance. Finally, he might be employed on a government research staff. This field, too, offers increasing opportunities.

BUT government research is no dead-end job. Frequently government agencies select such research workers for important administrative posts. Sometimes a youth of outstanding ability may be employed in city management work immediately after graduation.

Thus C. F. Sharpe, now City Manager of St. Petersburg, Florida, though still in his early thirties. He was graduated from the Syracuse School of Public Administration a few years ago. He was appointed at once Assistant City Manager of Cincinnati, Exhibit A of city management. After several years there, he received the Florida appointment.

Clarence Dykstra, City Manager of Cincinnati, did graduate work in political science at the University of Chicago. Then he became secretary of the City Club of Chicago. Later he took a similar position with the Los Angeles City Club, and still later became director of personnel and efficiency of the department of water and power. Today he is

famous the world over for his brilliant work in Cincinnati.

Russell Forbes, now purchasing commissioner of New York City, is a former secretary of the National Municipal League. Mayor La Guardia was hunting around for an expert who knew how to get around all the "crooks" who would "chisel" in selling millions of dollars' worth of goods to the city. Forbes was the expert.

All outstanding examples, of course. But they illustrate the way in which public administration secures the best brains.

While opportunities today lie mostly in cities and small towns, the foresighted young man will look ahead to two coming fields: management of rural areas, and county management. Today there are only about six county managers. But experts tell me that the county manager movement is likely to be as important during the next ten or fifteen years as is city management today.

We know less about government work in rural regions. But openings here are sure to become more and more numerous.

Now why do public service jobs call not only for best minds but fine energy and personality as well?

Because the people's business means serving human beings. This takes enormous tact and diplomacy, and colossal energy. It is no accident that most city managers are above average height and of powerful physique. They must have enormous reserve energy to accomplish the exacting and exhausting work of running public affairs. When Dykstra first went to Cincinnati, he regularly put in sixteen hours a day on the job. Management of small towns is often more difficult than that of the cities. For the

manager usually runs not only municipal affairs in general, but the electric light plant as well, if there is one, acts as city engineer, and is General Factotum of the People—always on call.

So you see why I urge you to suggest these public service careers only to exceptional young men. Even now, although many men are presumably trained for the job, out of fifty to one hundred or more applicants for city manager posts, not more than four or five ever qualify for the jobs. So, too, in all probability, with all important administrative work. The taxpayer is becoming our most exacting employer!

Perhaps there are promising openings in public service in your own community that we have not touched on in this article. If so, please write me about them, addressing me: Care THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois. I shall discuss opportunities in still other public careers soon. There must be hundreds of good openings here for able young women, also.

YOU Rotarians are already helping to solve one of the most demoralizing problems of our generation in your youth-service programs. Through your conferences you will undoubtedly gain valuable information about jobs and careers. Send us the facts about opportunities in your own cities and towns.

Which fields in your community are over-crowded today? Which call for able young workers? Which seek ambitious apprentices?

Let us pool the findings. They will surely help our high-grade young people to find their place in the world.

"Dozens of other cities will shortly follow the city-manager band-wagon, sick and tired of wasteful, obsolete, politics-ridden municipal government. Each . . . will employ not only a trained city manager, but professionally qualified experts . . ."





Photo (flags): Atlas Educational Films

Home-Town International Service

An 'Adventure in Friendship' By Walter D. Head

A WEARY FATHER was, one evening, left at home with his 6-year old daughter. To provide her with amusement, he clipped from his evening paper a map of the world, tore it to pieces in the manner of a jigsaw puzzle, then asked her to assemble it. A few moments later his reading was interrupted by the child exclaiming that the task was done.

"How," he asked in surprise, "did you do it so quickly?"

"Easy!" she chirped. "On the back side I found a picture of a man. I put him together—and everything else came out all right."

This, I know, is not a new story. I first heard it from the lips of John Nelson, of Montreal, a Past President of Rotary International, during the Assembly at Mackinac, Michigan. It has since appeared in Rotary literature several times. I hope it continues to make the rounds until it is known by Rotarians in every land, for it is a parable that tells better than could many fine words what Rotary is and how it operates.

Rotary, after all, is a very simple thing. It starts with the individual, and, in the manner of a photographer developing his films, brings out those latent impulses of

altruism, which every normal man has. Soon the man will seek to express this ideal of "service above self," for it lives only as it functions. He tries it out on his neighbor, who is in his club group. Then the idea of "neighbor" grows to include men in his vocation, his community, and, eventually, other communities, other lands—the entire world. When man, individually and collectively, is right, everything else will come out right, as the little girl discovered.

"Agreed," will say scores of Rotarians, whose expressions are recorded in the

Official Proceedings of Rotary conventions for a decade past, "but that is theory, more words. What we want to know is how we can dramatize International Service, give it importance especially in our inland clubs!"

Emergencies, so-called, stir us. They cry out for action, and it is but human that we should turn to our group, for in union is strength. But to take action which would divide our strength, or make it impossible or improbable that certain groups would remain within our ranks, would be selling our birthright for a mess of doubtful pottage.

It is natural to assume that Rotary is like many organizations which take corporate action for, or against, a specific proposition. Rotary does not. In point of fact, how could it with a membership representing almost every school of religious, economic, and political thought?

But does this mean a stalemate of effectiveness? Not at all. Rather, it means that Rotary has selected for itself a niche in human affairs neglected by other organizations: understanding *and* goodwill.

The *and* is all important. Sterile facts, discussed around the table, may convince a man against his will but, if you recall

Worth Working For

THE FOURTH OBJECT of Rotary International is to encourage and to foster: The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

the adage, may leave him of the same opinion still. But if the facts are aired in the atmosphere of a will-for-friendliness, the way is clear for ultimate, if not immediate, eradication of barriers.

Dr. Herbert Schofield, who stands high in Rotary circles, phrased it well at the Mexico City Convention, last June, when he said:

Do you realize that of all the international organizations the world has yet seen, Rotary so far stands alone in enabling men from one part of the world to sit in fellowship with their fellows whose governments may be at enmity with each other, whose creeds may differ as widely as the poles, and whose political opinions may be antagonistic? If Rotary has accomplished nothing more than this, it has made a contribution to world citizenship which, expressed mildly, might be called epoch making.

Fresh in his mind at the moment was the testimony of Rotarians from parts of the world where ancient social, economic, religious, and political rigidities were suddenly subjected to tensions of modern commerce and communication.

Palestine, for example. Let Rotarian Peter E. Soudah, of Jaffa, tell in his own words of the situation there, as he did at Chicago only five years ago:

There is no peace in Palestine . . . We want something to do away with that race hatred between the Jews and the Mohammedans. Since the World War, three massacres have already taken place . . . the Arabs who own the land and who are in the majority, fight this idea that the Jews should come and take their lands from them. So, from a political point of view, it seems impossible to bring into harmony the Jew and the Gentile; and again from the religious point of view, we find that there are many sects among the Mohammedans who are just as antagonistic towards each other as are the Christians towards the Mohammedans or the Mohammedans against the Christians.

History tells us that repeated massacres took place in the very place where Christ was crucified in the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. I, myself, remember the time when the Turkish Government used to send armed soldiers to the Holy Sepulchre to see that the Christian sects behaved themselves when they worshipped the Christ of Love . . .

Rotary is no miracle-working organization, but there is drama in the fact that five years later, when R. L. "Bob" Hill, now immediate Past President of Rotary International, visited the Rotary Club of Jerusalem, he found Arab, Jew, and Christian sitting side by side, and listened to speeches of Rotary welcome in Arabic, Hebrew, and English.

That Rotary has hit upon an organizational formula *that works*, is proved by the mere fact that it is established in

80 of the earth's political and geographical divisions. To grasp the drama of this, turn these pages back to the world map. As your finger traces the girdling of the globe with Rotary Clubs, try to visualize them.

Think of Singapore, Straits Settlement, where 29 nationalities are represented around the Rotary luncheon table. Here meet Europeans, Parsees, the Hindus, Chinese, the Japanese, Americans—and many more. For those, whose religion prevents eating certain foods on the day's menu, special orders are filled. Others, because of religious prohibitions will eat nothing. But there they are, good Rotarians all, associating in fellowship at the only place they can in the city.

DOUBTLESS you have visited other Rotary Clubs in your own country; but should your travels some day take you to Japan, you would miss the point of the good-natured chatting that goes around the table unless you understood Japanese. Rotary is expressed in Chinese in China. And, for certain clubs to the north, Rotary pamphlets have been translated into Russian to make them available to former Russians who are Rotarians at Harbin and elsewhere.

Manifestly, it would be impossible to find any specific cause of an international character in which *all* Rotarians of this year, 1935, could join. The League of Nations, economic embargoes against this or that country, even auxiliary languages have been suggested. But for Rotary to take action for or against would mean

the alienation of groups of members in certain countries and the cutting short of their present successful efforts.

Elihu Root, the great American statesman is, so far as I know, not a Rotarian. But in a thought-fomenting article in *THE ROTARIAN*, for March, 1932, he aired the Rotary point of view with precision. He said:

The work of improving the foreign relations of civilized man is necessarily very slow and laborious and difficult. Anyone who is going to contribute materially to it must settle down to steady, continuous, and unspectacular labor.

I think about the worst enemies of improvement in the relation of nations are people who are impatient, the people who are in a hurry, who want everything done at once, and who, unless they can see in anything that is proposed an immediate result, say, "Oh well, it doesn't amount to much."

These people who are in a hurry are a serious obstacle to the accomplishment of something by people who are willing to take the necessary time and do the serious work for accomplishing it.

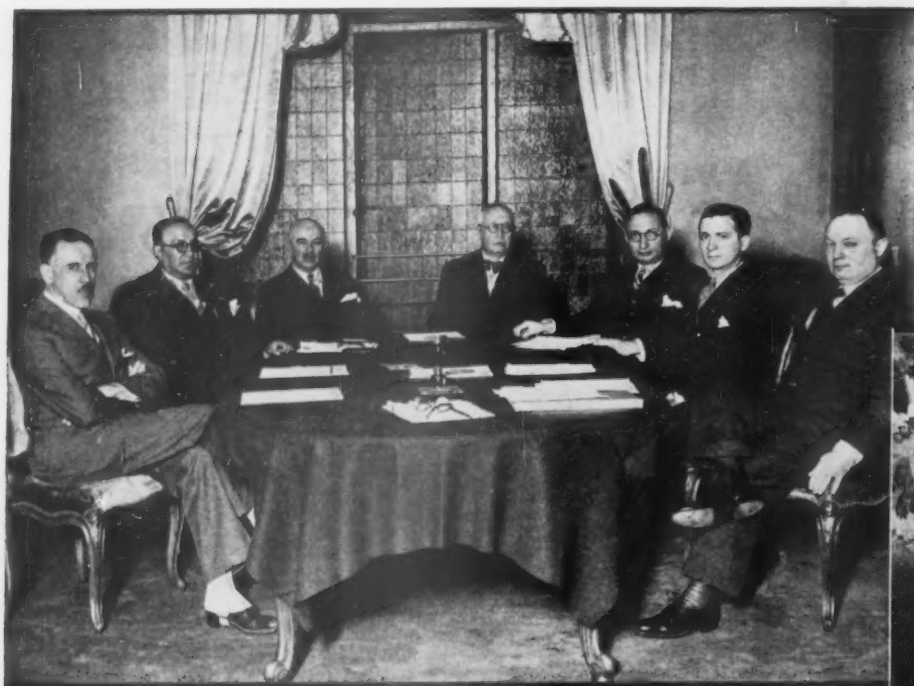
Dr. Allen D. Albert, of Chicago, a past president of Rotary International, carried the thought further at Mexico City, when he said:

War will cease, in our Rotary reasoning, only when men will it to cease. When we will have the patience to attack it at its source, in the hearts of men, beginning with our own.

We come up to the whole question of peace with a simple and yet a very searching declaration of plain truth that we shall not have peace until our governments find votes in it. And our government will be long in finding votes in peace until Rotarians increase their sense of personal responsibility to make of themselves units in vocal and active influence that war shall become the last resort, not an immediate or first resort. Our attitude toward peace so far has been without grand strategy of approach to

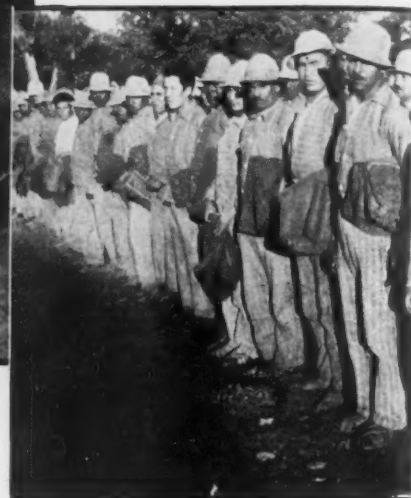


An evening session of the Institute of International Relations, sponsored by the Rotary Club of Nashville, Tennessee—an outstanding instance of what Rotarians, awake to the importance of Rotary's Fourth Object, can do to promote it in a community.



Rotarians from Bolivia and Paraguay in session at Buenos Aires, Argentina, with Rotarians from neutral countries to discuss problems arising from the Chaco strife.

Chaco prisoners lined up, to get blankets and supplies distributed by Rotarians from nations at war.



cabinets. It has limited itself to peace through indirection . . .

When Clinton Anderson of Albuquerque, New Mexico, was president of Rotary International, he received two significant letters on the same day.

One from a Rotarian of undoubted sincerity, urged Rotary action *now* supporting a certain measure designed to alleviate agricultural distress in the United States. The other, from a Rotarian of equally unquestioned sincerity, asserted that the hour had struck when Rotary could do a great service—by going on record *against* the very proposal advocated by the other.

Clearly, the two—and those who agreed with them—could not be satisfied by a positive committal of the organization. Probably each was disappointed that Rotary did nothing about it. Yet when that specific measure is forgotten by all save historians, Rotary will be continuing its slow but certain progression towards the ideal expressed in its Fourth Object.

ALTHOUGH Rotary “did nothing” in that case cited, the incident led to one constructive measure: the series of debates-of-the-month in *THE ROTARIAN*. Here, issue after issue, great questions have been discussed objectively and informatively, pointing the way for Rotary Club programs to spread the comprehension which, as Woodrow Wilson once observed, “must be the soil in which shall grow all the fruits of friendship.”

In South Africa, no less than in the Straits Settlements, Palestine, Egypt, and other polyglot sections penetrated by Ro-

tary, exists a severe race problem. Difficulties arise between the European population, a million and a half, and the natives, six and a half million. But the most critical dissension is between the British and the Dutch. Statesmen of that land realize that the acrimonious rivalry must be reduced; so do Rotarians. Let Kenneth Young, of Cape Town, now a director of Rotary International, tell of it as he recently did to a group of Rotarians:

In our Rotary Club, we do not have as many Dutch-speaking Rotarians as we have English, but we are encouraging them to join, and we are doing all we can to beat down this discord and bad feeling. It is very, very difficult.

Recently, in my own club, I was sitting next to a man, a prominent Rotarian, a prominent citizen, a member of the local council, a man whom most people look up to. He had been away . . . In his absence, we enrolled as a Rotarian a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, a very fine man. Our president, the Bishop of Cape Town, is in the habit of calling on this Dutch Reformed minister to ask a blessing before our luncheons. He very tactfully asks it one week in Dutch, and the next in English.

On this particular day, the man next to me, after the blessing had been asked in Dutch, turned to me and said, “How long has this bloody nonsense been going on?”

That, coming from a Rotarian, a British Rotarian, when we are making an endeavor to get rid of this bad feeling, shows how difficult the whole matter is. But we are doing it and we have great hopes that before long Rotary will take a leading rôle in getting rid of this discord.

Cape Town, Singapore, Jerusalem . . . these may be unusual, but in scores of inland North American towns precisely the same *personal* Rotary technique is being applied to bring men of foreign birth into understanding and friendly relations with the native-born. Vermilion,

Ohio, for instance. Here is a town of 1,400, and its Rotary Club had but 24 members when, at the Detroit Convention last year, George R. Snyder reported:

We have a Japanese as a member of our club. He returns to Japan every winter, staying three or four months. During that interval, it is very rare that he does not attend Rotary meetings regularly every week. He has his itinerary so fixed that he can keep up his attendance all the time he is gone. In our club, we love him, every last Rotarian of us. When we think of Japan, we think of our Japanese member.

Investigate the fine work done by Rotarians at Racine, Wisconsin, in organizing an International Council. The project annually culminates in an International Night at the Rotary Club which gives an opportunity for foreign-born townsmen to talk a few moments, usually discussing the old homeland and its relation to Racine.

Four or five years ago, Dr. B. Franklin Blotz, of Rocky Ford, Colorado, was calling on a patient, a Mexican woman. It was necessary to instruct her in the hygiene of infants.

“Doctor,” she finally said, “why don’t the American women show us how to do these things? We want to know.”

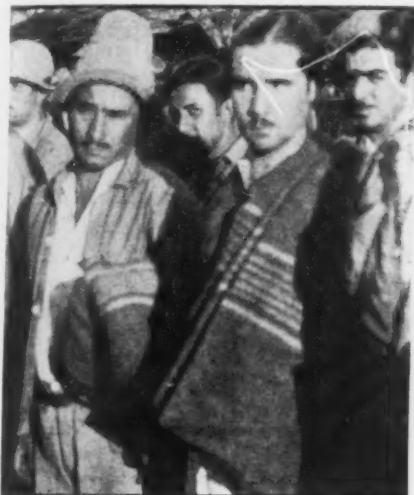
The idea took root, and Rotarians of Rocky Ford have had a hand in the creation of a model home for Mexican camp laborers. Dr. Blotz reports:

This little adobe house was stuccoed on the outside, a little landscaping done around it, some flowers set out. Here these Mexican women go

to learn how to make a bed, how to start a fire, how to set a table with the things they have, how to bathe the baby, how to do all the things that are necessary. They are eager to learn.

I was surprised to find that about 75 percent of the women grasped the opportunity, and they are certainly learning something.

Rotary Club programs provide, of course, the most obvious trail to the heart of the local foreign element. Often, there is sufficient talent within the club itself;



it was so at Lincoln, Nebraska. Joseph Alexis, who is a professor of languages at the University of Nebraska, says:

One of the most interesting programs we have had, I think, was one night when from the members of our club we succeeded in getting speakers in about a dozen different languages. Each man took the name of an officer in an overseas club which he represented. The talks were very short, but, with music from the various countries, brought us the atmosphere. Members talked about International Night for months thereafter. One result probably was that they tried to use the other language occasionally. We are trying to keep up the contacts, and not forget from what part of the old world our forefathers came.

The same idea, with variations, has been worked with success in scores of clubs, sometimes as an observance of a national day. Swift Current, Saskatchewan, Canada, I note by a recent Rotary Around the World item, had sixteen guests from the community each of whom talked about the country of his origin. And thus was a two-fold benefit achieved. The participants were thereupon

given new status in the community, thanks to the recognition of the club, and the Rotarians themselves pushed back their mental horizons. International Service became for them, not just a phrase to be applied to Rotary activities in far-away cities and lands, but a something with a distinctive local meaning.

Twin Falls, Idaho, evolved a novel scheme to dramatize the international character of Rotary. To 15 clubs in other lands, a flag, a letter, and a one-dollar bill were sent. The letter requested a brief story of their activities, a copy of their weekly menu, and some small item typical of the country. Stuart H. Taylor told the story at Mexico City; let him finish it:

In February, we had a ladies' night, and on this ladies' night we arranged a table for each country represented. We had four Rotarians and their wives at a table. We had a big map of the world on the wall, wired with electric lights. As the chairman called the different towns represented, lights on the map would flash.

I had charge of the Stavanger, Norway, table, and a man who was born in that city was my guest. Norwegian food was served, and a Rotary song the Stavanger Rotarians had sent us was sung by a lady in Norwegian.

Some fine correspondence between Twin Falls and the clubs represented that night has developed. Correspondence between clubs, individual Rotarians, school children, is fine, but let a word of warning be spoken. Don't, as William de Cock Buning, of The Hague, The Netherlands, once cautioned, ask questions which you can answer by turning to the encyclopedia. And be quite sure, if you write in English, that the person addressed can read it. Correspondence, if it involves too many favors, is irksome.

Possibilities for programs are limitless.

It always is newsy, of course, to have the member fresh from his travels abroad report on what he has seen; but frequently someone who has read widely can do just as well, or better. Full-length speeches of high caliber occasionally are to be had from local professional men of overseas antecedents. At Penns Grove, New Jersey, for example, the chairman of the International Service Committee, a former missionary, has evinced his understanding of the Fourth Object by securing as speakers such men as the editor of a Chinese paper in New York and a member of the Japanese consulate from Philadelphia, the two presenting a balanced picture of a Far-Eastern controversy.

Diplomatic representatives generally are pleased to have an opportunity to interpret to representative groups their country's position on problems of the day. Usually, however, it is well to have a clear understanding if the subject is controversial that "the other side" will be presented thereafter.

MCCOMB, Mississippi, Rotarians have had success in securing consuls from New Orleans, a hundred miles distant, to talk on economic and other problems. For larger cities, of course, it is much easier. Brisbane, Australia, had 17 local consuls as guests at an "International goodwill" luncheon. Washington, D. C., too, has made the most of its opportunity, and not only stages an extraordinary annual program at which the diplomatic corps are guests of honor, but aids towns nearby in booking diplomats as speakers. The benefits are reciprocal; the club gets "the other fellow's point of view," and so, in degree, does the speaker. Not infrequently, a



Thirty English Rotarians and wives, entertained at Baden-Baden, Germany, by Rotarians.

further service to Rotary is done by subscribing for *THE ROTARIAN*, or its Spanish edition, *REVISTA ROTARIA*, as a compliment to the speaker if he is not a Rotarian.

"But Rotarians in our town," I frequently hear an International Service Committee chairman say, "are not interested in what's happening in other countries." So much more the challenge to your ingenuity and intelligence! At Pawtucket, Rhode Island, the Rotary Club is very much other-nation conscious, due to programs, essay contests, an International Park—and many other projects conceived by a persistently active committee.

A DISTRICT governor pointed out to a small Texas city the possibilities of contact through ships making its port. Former International Director Hugh A. Butler, of Omaha, Nebraska, made International Service real for clubs in his area by pointing out that the price of wheat was controlled by conditions and tariffs in other lands. Chester, Pennsylvania, and Uxbridge, Massachusetts, to name but two, have spun ties of fellowship with Old World towns of which they are namesakes.

Clubs in or near a college or university have an obvious advantage in securing the services of professors and overseas students to discuss matters of international interest. International Houses, such as are maintained at Chicago and California and other universities gladly cooperate in booking qualified students.

Most overseas students are already "earmarked" as future leaders in their homelands. They have survived the various selective processes, and have been sent abroad to specialize. It is exceedingly important for the future relations among nations that they return with a fair opinion of the land in which they sojourned.

This has been recognized by Rotarians in several university towns, Ithaca, New York; Minneapolis, Minnesota, and Madison, Wisconsin, to mention but a few. At Ithaca, an opportunity is given a limited number to participate in Rotary Club meetings, to receive *THE ROTARIAN*, and, generally, to understand "what this Rotary thing is all about."

Overseas students at the University of Wisconsin are given week-ends in the homes of Rotarians in nearby towns, a privilege overseas students seldom have. Secretary Paul Hunter, of Madison, I well remember, told at the Seattle Convention of the consternation with which one Rotarian reacted to "billeting" in his

home a young Chinese university student.

Friday afternoon I was called long distance and this fellow said, "This is So-and-So. You have assigned a Chinese student to me. I have a son and daughter in high school, and I just can't conceive taking a Chinese student into my home to associate with those children."

Well, I lost my temper. I said, "That Chinese student has been invited as a guest of the Rotary Club of your town. He has been told that you were to be his host. He is coming. If you want to insult him when he gets there by telling him he is not welcome, you may do so, but I shall not."

Sunday evening, I was called on the phone by the same man. I have never heard anyone apologize as he did. He said, "You have brought us the greatest treat that has ever come into our lives, I can tell you. When I called you Friday, the only thing on my mind was a Chinese laundryman. Instead of that, you sent me a young man who is grace personified. He taught my children more than they will ever get in high school or college. We think so much of him he is coming back as our guest for Thanksgiving." I found out afterwards, that he spent four days in their home during the Christmas holidays.

A happy personal contact can do more than a dozen speeches to dispel prejudices in the minds of men. Charles D. Hurrey, Secretary for the committee for Friendly Relations Among Foreign Students, pressed this home in an address at the Detroit Convention, with a bit of personal history:

When I was a boy, I first saw a representative of China. He was a laundryman in my home town. Occasionally I ran away from Sunday school to see him conduct his devotions. He would fill his mouth with water and say, "let us spray." Thus he sprinkled his clothes. "Funny chinaman," said I; that was China to me. But what does China mean to my two children? It means Dr. Fong Sec. (a former director of Rotary International), whom I have

known since his days as a student in California; C. T. Wang (new Honorary Commissioner for Rotary); David Yui, T. Z. Koo, T. V. Soong, and a hundred more of the cultured class, many of whom have been guests in my home.

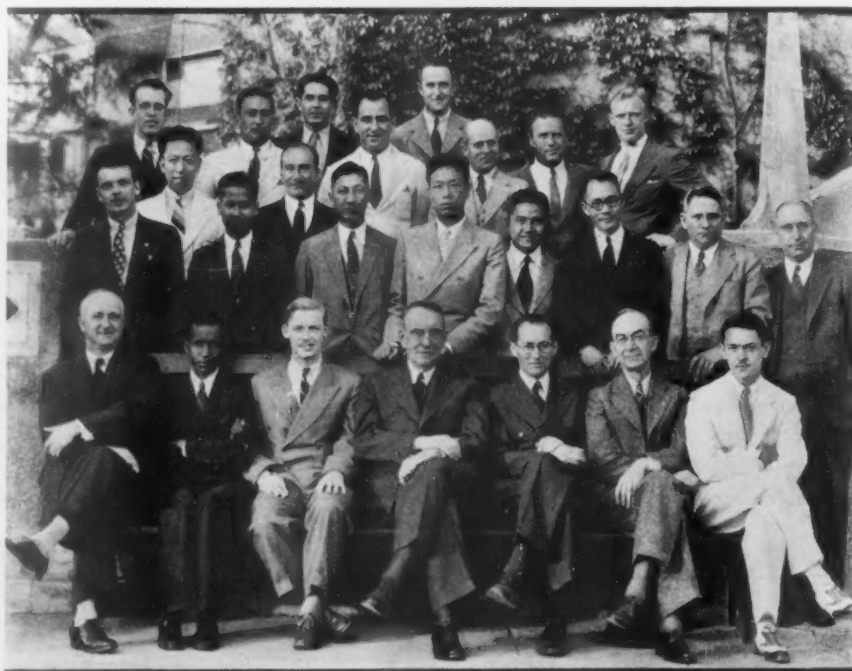
This is the changing attitude in one generation. In the past, we Americans have judged Chinese in terms of chop suey and laundrymen; the Japanese as dangerous immigrants; the Mexicans in terms of banditry and bull fights. What wonder that they and others have formed equally ridiculous opinions of us?

The press and motion pictures are frequently cited as sources of misinformation about other lands. One Rotarian recently deplored the wrong impression of America that had been given in a European country by a report that Lindbergh had murdered his own kidnapped son. Other instances could be cited; but, we come back to what Dr. Schofield declared in summing up the International Service Assembly at Mexico City, over which he presided.

If you read something nasty in your newspaper about Czechoslovakia, for example, you will think of Ferdinand Hyza, the district governor you have met here, and you will say, "By Jove, that doesn't square up." You will believe Hyza and not the newspaper. When I think of Germany, I think of my personal friends in Berlin. I would take the viewpoint of the friends I have in the Rotary Club of Berlin, and not what the *Daily Mail* says in England.

Of such is the thinking back of the "exchange of youth"—a Rotary activity especially strong in Europe. Usually, sons or daughters of Rotarians are entertained in the homes of Rotarians in another country. One group of German boys, impressed by English hospitality and by the care given the graves of a Zeppelin crew, left on it a wreath with

Overseas students at Cornell University who, last year, were "international guests" of the Rotary Club of Ithaca, New York, and a few of their hosts.



these words in German: "No more war."

Camps, where youths from nations may frolic together and from which they take sightseeing excursions are also well developed in Europe. Rotarians there also exchange students from one country to another. All such activities are fraught with tremendous possibilities.

But perhaps the most significant, and at the same time least known, project of European Rotarians is what is known as the *Petits Comités*—Little Committees between countries. These originated in informal acquaintances between German and French Rotarians at the first European Regional Conference, in The Hague, the Netherlands, in 1930.

The purpose of the *Comités* is to correct wrong impressions given out in the press, and to further goodwill by bringing into the open friendly discussion on the political, racial, and economic problems that cause strife. The idea has caught on; here are some of the present *Comités*: Germany-France; Denmark-Sweden-Norway-Suomi - Finland; Austria-Italy; Austria-Czechoslovakia-Yugoslavia; Italy-Switzerland; Belgium-The Netherlands-Luxemburg; Denmark-Germany; Switzerland - Germany - Italy - France; Italy-Yugoslavia.

Comités usually consist of the governors and two or three appointed Rotarians. They work quietly, informally. While it is difficult always to trace specific gains to such groups, or, indeed, to the youth exchange, the inter-nation club meetings, the visits of clubs from one country in another, or any other specific activity, yet that the whole effect is beneficial is not to be doubted. Letters from leading Europeans, received during the preparation of this article, unanimously attest the fact.

Today, Milan Stojadinović, of Beograd, Yugoslavia, is Prime Minister of his country. But last year, when he attended the Convention at Detroit, he was a Director of Rotary International. In view of his subsequent elevation, the remarks he made upon that occasion have special significance at this point:

The personal contact, the natural personal relations between men who get to know and like each other . . . play a large rôle in our work and results. For instance, I recall that the relations of Rotarians in Yugoslavia and Hungary were not so cordial as they might have been until I went personally and met the District Governor in Hungary, Rotarian Rowland Hegedüs. This was at Genoa, Italy, at a Rotary meeting. We had a very fine banquet at which an Italian Rotarian, director of the University of Genoa, sat in the middle, with Rotarian Hegedüs on his left, and myself on his right.

The director asked me, "What nationality are you?" and I answered, "Yugoslav."

He then turned to his left and asked Rotarian



Fourteen nationalities are represented among the 61 names on the roster of the Rotary Club of Tientsin, China, here shown celebrating its twelfth anniversary.

Hegadüs what nationality he was. He answered, "Hungarian."

The director then turned to me and asked me what my profession was, and I answered, "Ex-minister of finance."

He then asked Rotarian Hegedüs, and he also answered, "Ex-minister of Finance."

The director was surprised . . . Then my Colleague, Rotarian Hegedüs, said to the director, "You are now in a position similar to the one of Christ on the cross, between two thieves."

We all enjoyed the joke, and this humorous incident established the beginning of a friendship. After this, relations between the Rotary Clubs of the two countries were much better.

. . . For the charter presentation of the Rotary Club of Sofia, Bulgaria, a group of 40 Yugoslavian Rotarians were present. It was the first group visit of Yugoslavians to Bulgaria in the 15 years since the Great War. Then other group visits from other associations followed ours, and now the mutual relations between the Yugoslavian and Bulgarian people are improving.

. . . Governor Piccione (of Italy) came to our district conference, and he had a very warm reception. During the official banquet he made a speech, and he said: "If politics divides us, Rotary must unite us."

That is what I mean by personal contact and friendship. To me, it seems to be one of the greatest things in Rotary.

FROM South America come a thousand ayes to Premier Stojadinović's conclusion. It was at the Seattle Convention, in June, 1932, that a Rotarian from Bolivia met a Rotarian from Paraguay—just two Rotarians meeting, greeting one another, chatting. But less than two months later each was able to persuade the Government of his country to allow the clubs at La Paz and Asunción to send money to the prisoners of war in the Chaco.

In the first month, \$250 was handled; the next month it jumped to \$4,500. Soon, the service was established and 2,500 drafts passed monthly between the two countries. At stated periods, cloth-

ing was sent and distributed for 15,000 prisoners—prisoners who, suddenly, were transferred from a low, tropical to a high, cold climate, or vice versa. For three years, the work went on.

Did it pay? Let Donata Gaminara, of Montevideo, Uruguay, immediate past first vice president, answer in the words he used at Mexico City last summer:

At the moment, I do not think there are any countries in the world where the people give such great credit to Rotary as in Bolivia and in Paraguay. I have had the privilege of visiting both countries, and have observed that, from the humblest citizen to the Presidents of the Republics, everyone holds Rotary in the highest esteem.

So does the Rotary leaven work. . . . Study of the great problems? Yes, by all means and if with the thoroughness of Rotarians at Ottawa, Canada, or Minneapolis, Minnesota, or Nashville, Tennessee, or Somerville, Massachusetts—to name but a few—so much the better. But, I fancy, it is the little courtesies, the hands stretched across the seas in informal friendship, such kindness as was shown the Dutch fliers in the Centenary Air Race, stranded last year at Albury, Australia, or the thoughtful care given the remains of Mexico's ace by Long Branch, New Jersey, Rotarians, or a Christmas dinner for a lonely student in a strange land, or a cordial tour-about-the-city given a Rotarian far from home—of such as these, I submit, great things may be born.

You need but scan the headlines in today's paper to realize that this old world of ours is a sordidly confused jigsaw. To piece it together in any way other than the one suggested by the little girl in my story is hopeless. We must start with the man—and have faith that eventually, all will come out right.

Rotary Hourglass

A miscellany of news items gleaned from a world-wide Rotary correspondence.

DECORATED. Edo Marković, honorary member of the Rotary Club of Zagreb, Yugoslavia, has received the Czechoslovakian Order of the White Lion, in recognition of services in promoting economic relations between Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia.

New District. Honors for being the "baby district" of Rotary have passed from District Eighty (Malay Peninsula, French Indo-China, and Siam) to a new district composed of clubs in China, Hong Kong, and the Philippine Islands. The change is to be effective October first.



ROTARY INTERNATIONAL ATTENDANCE RECORD HIGH TEN DIVISION-B -APRIL-	
STOCKTON	100 ⁰⁰
LYNN, MA.	97 ⁷⁵
NEWARK, N.J.	97 ⁰⁰
FARGO, N.D.	96 ⁰⁰
SCHENECTADY, N.Y.	96 ⁰⁰
SAN JOSE	95 ⁰⁰
SANTA BARBARA	94 ⁷⁵
TULSA, OKLA.	92 ⁰⁰
WACO, TEX.	91 ⁰⁰
FRESNO	90 ⁰⁰

For 12 years Rotarians at Stockton, Calif., have led Division B Rotary clubs (having from 100 to 200 members) in the attendance contest.

32 to 52. In one month, some aggressive work on the part of Rotarians at Circleville, Ohio, lengthened the club roster from thirty-two to fifty-two names.

Going to Jerusalem? Edward T. Cosgrove, hon. secretary of the Rotary Club of Jerusalem, writes to let it be known that Jerusalem Rotarians will be happy to learn of the forthcoming visit of Rotarians from any part of the world, especially those who would be willing "to address the club on some topic of interest (apart from the usual Rotary platitudes)." The club meets on Wednesdays, and it is requested that notice be given at least six weeks in advance of arrival. Hon. Secretary Cosgrove may be addressed at Box 944, Jerusalem, Palestine.

New Stanza. "Bob" Mason, member of the Rotary Club of Hornell, N. Y., notes-with-interest that on Cunard-White Star ships it is the

custom to sing one verse of *God Save the King*, the British national anthem, then another from *America*, and then the following:

*Two empires by the sea,
Two peoples great and free,
One anthem raise,
One race of ancient fame,
One tongue, one faith, we claim
One God, whose glorious name
We love and praise.*

Rotarian Mason suggests: "Not a bad idea, it would seem, for American Rotary Clubs when visited by Canadians or others from the British Empire."

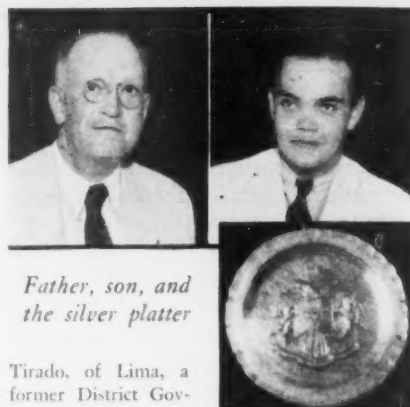
Litt. D. at 23. Bob Jones, Jr., acting president of the Bob Jones College, at Cleveland, Tenn., which was founded by his evangelist father, was recently given an honorary degree of Doctor of Literature by Asbury College, Wilmore, Ky. Dr. Jones, aged twenty-three, is an active member of the Rotary Club of Cleveland, serving the current year as vice president.

Chain Gang. The chain-letter craze seems to have softly folded its diaphanous wings, and is now forgotten by all save the postal clerks . . . But, credit it with one good mark. At Louisville, Ky., the chain idea was put to work as a novel device for getting picnic attendance. Cards were sent out, bearing this message:

*Lay down your shovel and your hoe,
Hang up your fiddle and your bow,
Close up your office and your shop,
Let other duties all go flop.
Put on clothes not good but clean
And meet me out upon the green.
I'll play you golf or croquet,
Pitch horseshoes if you pitch my way.
This with swimming is fun a plenty
Out at Audubon, June twenty.
Forget your troubles and stop pouting,
Rotary is to have its Summer Outing,
And it's to be the best we've had.
If you attend, you will be glad.
We do hope the weather's fair
And we will see you all there.*

Each recipient was asked to sign his name on one of the ten dotted lines, then send to another Rotarian—and, of course, the usual plea was attached: *Do not break the chain.*

Silver Salver. The Rotary Club of Miami, Fla., is the recipient of a fine hand-hammered silver salver bearing the arms of the City of Lima, Peru. It is the gift of Luis Montero y



Father, son, and the silver platter

Tirado, of Lima, a former District Governor, and his son Luis. The latter graduated with honors from the University of Miami, where he was the holder of the much prized scholarship given by local Rotarians.

Jimmie Slee. Out at Buhl, Idaho, Jimmie Slee, a Star Scout, patrol leader of his troop, protégé of local Rotarians, was all ready to go to the Jamboree at Washington. Rotarians were to pay his expenses. Then . . . well, everybody knows the Jamboree was cancelled due to the infantile paralysis epidemic. So, for Jimmie—and thousands of others—the big-event-of-his-life didn't materialize.

Jimmie's picture is published here, first of all because he's a mighty fine looking Scout with all those decorations, and second, as a tribute to all Jimmie Sles who, despite the disappointment, kept the stiff upper lip, proving themselves good Scouts.

It's Small World Dept. N. G. Kinsman, who is secretary of the Rotary Club of Toronto, Ont., Canada, is a bit befuddled, or surprised, or whatever it is one is when he discovers that the next to impossible has happened. Taking cue from these columns, Toronto's *Rotary Voice* noted that Rotarian W. S. Gray had driven a golf ball directly from impact to the cup—and thereby was entitled to seat No. 1 in the front row of the Distinguished Order of Club-to-Cuppers, which is the elite of the whole Hole-in-One crowd. Imagine Secretary Kinsman's consternation, surprise, and all that sort of thing when another member of the Toronto Club, arose, pen in hand, to let him and the world know that he, too, is Club-to-Cuppers. He is G. Manse Mulholland, a chartered accountant, who did the deed on October 3, 1931, on the fifteenth hole at the Weston Golf and Country Club with a 170-yard drive, "the ball dropping right into the cup." . . . Thus, two members to date of the Club-to-Cup—and both Torontoans (or is it Torontoites?).

—THE MAN WITH THE SCRATCHPAD.

Has any Rotarian a larger family than W. C. Noll, president of the Rotary Club of Renova, Pa.? He and Mrs. Noll (seventh and sixth from left, respectively) have six charming daughters and five stalwart sons. President Noll already is planning to engage a bus and take the whole family to the Atlantic City Convention, June 22-26.





Rotary Around the World

These brief news notes mirror the varied activities of the Rotary movement. Contributions are welcomed.

Czechoslovakia

Camp for Needy Students

TEPLICE-SANOV—A summer camp for needy students was recently brought to a successful close by members of the Rotary Clubs of Teplice-Sanov and Usti nad Labem. Various Rotary clubs sending boys to the camp bore half the expense, while the two clubs mentioned paid the balance.

Chile

Will Preserve Local History

COPIAPÓ—Through its Community Service Committee, the Rotary Club of Copiapó has established a museum for the preservation of local history.

Dance Yields School Fees

TALTAL—Proceeds of a benefit dance organized by the Rotary Club of Taltal are being used to provide school fees, books, and clothing for 10 boys and girls.

Germany

Vital Events Help Fund

HALLE—Members of the Halle Rotary Club give a little donation to their Sunshine Fund on the occasion of such family events as the arrival of a son, a grandson, or a marriage.

Netherlands Indies

Farewell to Charter Member

DJOKJAKARTA, JAVA—Members of the Djokjakarta Rotary Club held a special ladies night meeting to say farewell to Charter-member P. H. W. Sitsen on the eve of his leaving for a distinguished government position at Batavia. In recognition of his faithful service to Rotary, first as club president, then as honorary com-

missioner, and first governor of the 79th district, Djokjakarta Rotarians elected him to honorary membership. A special certificate, attesting his honorary membership, painted in old Javanese style on handbeaten bark, was presented to him in a finely carved wooden box.

Yugoslavia

Send Student to Law Academy

ZAGREB—Voluntary subscriptions of Zagreb Rotarians have enabled a young student to attend the Academy of International Law at The Hague.

Austria

Remember Club Presidents

SALZBURG—Each year the Rotary Club of Salzburg adds a silver ring, bearing the name of the incumbent president, to its club gavel.

Celebrate Fifth Anniversary

BADEN BEI WIEN—More than two hundred Rotarians attended the recent dinner given by the Rotary Club of Baden bei Wien in observance of its fifth anniversary.

Union of South Africa

Service Advanced on Two Fronts

PIETERMARITZBURG—On two fronts of community service has the Rotary Club of Pietermaritzburg made advances recently. As its part in the organization of a community chest in the city, the club accepted the responsibility of drafting a constitution, initiating preliminary work, allocating committee work, and selecting a chest secretary from the membership of the club. The second large assignment has been the collection of funds for the building of a Scout hall which is to be open to all Boy Scouts in Natal and to visiting Scouts from all parts of the Union, a

John F. Montgomery, U. S. Foreign Minister to Hungary, and Dr. Albert Kováts, a Budapest Rotarian, address Hungarian students who won in an essay contest sponsored by Rotary Clubs of Budapest, and Pawtucket, Rhode Island, U. S. A.

project which is now receiving support from all Rotary Clubs in the district.

£150, a Goal Achieved

PRETORIA—A committee not found in many other Rotary Clubs is the Special Object Committee which Pretoria Rotarians have instituted. The purpose of this committee is "to scan the horizon for some particular job that the club can helpfully undertake." One of the goals of the committee was reached recently when the club raised a sum of £150 as a contribution to a loan fund for students.

China

Contribute to Social Welfare

CANTON—Sufficient funds were appropriated by the Canton Rotary Club to cover the cost of a ward in a new hospital. A further appropriation was made to provide for the maintenance of two free beds in this ward. Available each year for a five year period also is a scholarship for medical education in connection with this hospital. Free swimming lessons in a local Y.M.C.A. were made possible through another contribution of the Canton Rotary Club. Assistance in the form of a donation was, in addition, given to a leper settlement.

Enlarge Play Facilities

NANKING—Rotarians of this club have a special committee concerned with the problem of juvenile recreation. One playground has already been built from the contributions of money and materials offered by members of the club. Plans are now in progress for a series of friendly matches between groups of players.

New Zealand

Sunshine Committee Aids Families

AUCKLAND—Though the Rotary year has only begun, the Sunshine Committee of the Auckland Rotary Club is off to a fine start. Over a hundred pounds have already been spent to provide poor householders with woolen blankets during New Zealand's winter. Another £200 has been set aside to provide a month's holiday for underprivileged children during the coming Spring and Summer. Several families are also being provided with food and clothing through funds supplied by this committee.

Memorial to Sir George Fowlds

AUCKLAND—A memorial to the late Sir George Fowlds has been presented to the college of which he was president, by his fellow members in the Auckland Rotary Club.

Spain

Give Books to School

MADRID—A donation from the Madrid Rotary club enabled a local school to increase its supply of books.

Prizes for Floral Decorations

SANTA CRUZ DE TENERIFE, CANARY ISLANDS—At the time of the visit of Past-District Governor Migoya of the 60th District, Rotarians of this

city offered three substantial prizes for residents of humble dwellings along the highway who had planned the most effective floral decorations. A letter which accompanied the awards expressed appreciation for the contribution these people had made in making their homes attractive to distinguished visitors.

India

Round Table Sans Speaker

BANGALORE—To provide members of the Bangalore Rotary Club with more time to discuss matters of Rotary interest than the regular meetings permit, informal round-table luncheons to be held once a week have been initiated. Members are not obliged to attend. There is no speaker.

Argentina

Medals for Young Scholars

POSADAS—Rotarians of Posadas, as one of their principal activities, are following the custom of presenting gold medals to students in secondary schools who have distinguished themselves in scholarship and leadership.

Mark Bolivian-Paraguayan Peace

TUCUMAN—Cooperating with the management of a local theater, Rotarians of Tucuman recently gave a benefit performance in observance of the conclusion of the war between Bolivia and Paraguay. Proceeds of this performance will be divided equally between the Red Cross organizations of the two countries.

Brazil

Help Open Port for Liners

BAHIA—Cheering lustily, residents of Bahia watched the first ocean liner ever to enter their port tie up here recently. It is due chiefly to the constant efforts of the Bahia Rotary Club that the port was finally improved to permit entrance of trans-Atlantic ships.

Teach How to Drive

PORTO ALEGRE—Boys and girls attending schools in Porto Alegre have been provided with a printed set of regulations regarding their conduct in crossing city streets by members of the Rotary Club of this city. Porto Alegre Rotarians have also sent a quantity of these leaflets to other Rotary Clubs in Brazil for similar distribution in the cities.

England

Countryside Rides for Invalids

COLCHESTER—Invalids in this vicinity who have no means of travel may now expect regular invitations to ride through the countryside. The Colchester Rotary Club recently decided to procure names of all people in the community in such circumstances and to provide them with weekly automobile tours.

Clubs Pair Off for Work

An efficient and pleasant way to attack a sizeable objective, a number of Rotary Clubs in England find, is to pair off with another club and

to work on the problem together. A camp for Leeds children was sponsored during the summer by the Rotary Clubs of Leeds and Harrogate, and won the interest and acclaim of the two communities. The Norwich and Felixstowe Rotary Clubs have cooperated in helping to sponsor youth gatherings during the last three years, entertaining young visitors from many countries on the continent.

Young Continentals Entertained

HOVE—Entertainment was provided by Hove Rotarians during the summer for 35 young Germans, two Italians, and one Swede, all students who were on holiday attending meetings of the International Friendship League.

Australia

Art . . . Books

BRISBANE, Q.—A major objective of Brisbane Rotarians this past year has been the improvement of the Queensland Art Gallery, the Museum, and the Queensland Public Library. With the hearty endorsement of city officials, a public meeting was convened at which several committees were appointed for further investigation. The reports have just been prepared for submission to the government.

"Gossip Circles"

NEWCASTLE, N. S. W.—Somewhat different from the usual fireside meetings and forums are the gossip circles recently established by the Newcastle Rotary Club. Five circles meeting once a month have been organized, each having a specific set of subjects for discussion. One circle, for example, is devoted to a discussion of various political systems, another to industrial problems, a third to international relations, a fourth to vocational service, and a fifth to economic problems. Membership is optional, though each Rotarian is urged to select the circle having the topics he finds most interesting.

Aid Hungry, Lonely Boys

PORT MELBOURNE, VIC.—Special mention of the "consistent help" which the Rotary Club of Port Melbourne has given the Scout Settlement here was made in the third annual report of the settlement, a haven for hungry, lonesome boys in this city. Many of the officers and generous patrons of the institution, whose work was described in an article in the August ROTARIAN, are Rotarians.



A picnic tug-of-war in China is much like that sort of an event in Iowa or Maine—the boys do the tugging and the fathers the cheering. This snapshot happens to be from Tientsin, China, and was taken during the annual father-and-son outing of the alert Rotary Club of Tientsin.

Accountable for the good time the lads at the right have been having at this camp for underprivileged boys at Masterton, New Zealand, are two groups of helpful men in that city. The Y. M. C. A. organized and developed the camp. The Rotary Club furnished the financial backing and personal help.





Meet Hubert Allen, without much doubt the biggest Boy Scout in the world. His weight: 245 pounds. His height: 6 feet 3 3/4 inches. He and Warren Fredrick, in inverse pose, belong to a troop sponsored by the Covina, California, Rotarians.

have a visiting speaker, Vancouver Rotarians have provided a fund of \$250 to pay the expenses of their members in giving programs in these out-of-the-way towns.

\$16,000 Since 1927

TRAIL, B. C.—Citizens of Trail cooperate so wholeheartedly with Rotarians, that the local club has been able to raise \$3,000 annually from the public for various community enterprises. Since 1927 the Rotary Club has expended over \$16,000 in its Community Service work.

United States of America

Honor Japanese Students

SALEM, ORE.—Members of all Salem service clubs, including Rotary, cooperated in giving a luncheon honoring Japanese students attending school in Salem.

Party for English Visitors

MANSFIELD, MASS.—Rotarians from Mansfield, England, who visited that city's namesake in Massachusetts recently, were entertained in a thriving garden which has been built around a friendship oak tree, planted here by another group of English Rotarians immediately following the Boston convention.

Counsel Delinquent Boys

CARTHAGE, N. Y.—Through its Youth Guidance Committee, the Rotary Club of Carthage is devoting special attention to "problem" boys. The committee is working closely with school authorities and, where necessary, is attempting to correct home conditions which may be responsible for the boys' attitude.

Prizes for Place Changing

HARTFORD, CONN.—Prizes of twenty-five, fifteen, and ten dollars were awarded by the Hartford Rotary Club to the three Rotarians who changed their luncheon places and sat between the greatest number of different members during a recent six-month period.

Efforts Joined, Road Signs Result

DORMONT, PA.—Three artistic and substantial Rotary roadsigns, inviting the touring Rotarian to visit the Dormont Rotary Club on Monday noon, have been erected at the main entrances

to the borough. The construction of the signs nearly became a community project. The materials were contributed by members, the craftsmanship by students and their instructor in the manual training department of the high school. The signs were "planted" in cement by the borough.

Club to Get \$4,500 Annually

YAKIMA, WASH.—A gift of \$4,500 per year to be used in crippled children work, has recently been received by the Yakima Rotary Club. The donor is a member of the club, who also provided \$80,000 for the construction of a Y.W.C.A. building and a like amount for the remodeling of the local Y.M.C.A.

Enter Float in Elk Parade

ELMIRA, N. Y.—As a welcome to Elks attending a state convention in their city recently, Elmira Rotarians entered a huge parade with a float showing the world wide character of Rotary.

Exchange Club Officers

The 69 Rotary Clubs in the 21st District (Ohio) are at present observing an "exchange month," during which officers of every club will present at least one program at a Rotary meeting in an adjacent city.

Boost Rose Festival

TYLER, TEX.—Members of the Rotary Club of Tyler are taking an active part in the plans for the Third Annual East Texas Rose Festival being held in their city in early October. One of the most attractive features of this event, in addition to tours of the rose fields, will be a football game between teams from Temple University of Philadelphia, and Texas A. & M.

Furnish Hospital Bed

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—A bed for cripples is being maintained in a local hospital by members of the Jacksonville Rotary Club.

Good Attendance, Good Works

WEST ORANGE, N. J.—The Rotary Club of West Orange believes the fact that it keeps high attendance and make-up records may have something to do with the fact that the list of achievements of the club is so long. During the past year the club has: sponsored two performances of the West Orange Symphony; provided a score of children with clothing, and, for many of them, spectacles; cooperated with welfare agencies, the Red Cross, the Town Planning Commission, and others in raising funds for the care of needy citizens; and assisted in accident campaigns, civic betterment movements, and city celebrations.

Peru

Commemorate City's Founding

CHICLAYO—As part of a program observing the centenary of their city, Rotarians of Chiclayo have established a playground for children.

School for "Bad" Children

AREQUIPA—Through constant efforts of Rotarians of Arequipa a correctional school for delinquent children has been established.

Donated: Two Libraries

IQUITOS—School libraries are being established in two institutions of higher learning by members of the Iquitos Rotary Club. A vocational book shelf is also being organized.

Rotary Facts for the Public

CERRO DE PASCO—Patrons of the local public library now have an opportunity to learn more of the history and principles of Rotary through reading from a collection of pamphlets and other literature contributed by the Rotary Club of Cerro de Pasco.

Night School vs. Illiteracy

TARMA—A night school for illiterates, established by the Rotary Club of Tarma, is receiving the hearty endorsement and cooperation of national and local educational authorities.

Canada

Sunday Trips for Children

MOOSE JAW, SASK.—A thoughtful custom followed regularly by Moose Jaw Rotarians is that of including children from the local Children's Aid Society in their own Sunday outings.

Speakers for Smaller Clubs

VANCOUVER, B. C.—In order that small clubs, not in the usual line of travel, may occasionally

A tea party such as this on a pleasant Javanese afternoon is wholly enjoyable, say Bandoeng Rotarians and ladies.





Taking 325 crippled children for a day's outing as they did during the summer, Rotarians of Toronto, Ontario, will tell you, means much work but results in packs of fun for the children — and for the Rotarians. Witness the good smiles at the left.

A clown band in paint and plaids was present, and braces and casts and hard crutches could almost be forgotten while watching its happy, foolish antics. The day began with a boat ride to "the island" where the fun-packed picnic was held, and it concluded with another boat ride back to Toronto.



Paul Harris Portrait in London

CHICAGO, ILL.—M. Gordon Liverman, immediate past president of the Rotary Club of London, England, has formally presented to his club a reproduction of the official Paul Harris portrait, a gift of Chicago Rotarians on the occasion of the president's visit in this city last Spring.

Scout Funds at Par

BRISTOL, R. I.—Sufficient money has been raised, through a community drive sponsored by the Bristol Rotary Club, to place the local Scout camp in good condition, to pay off existing indebtedness on the Scout building, to provide for necessary repairs, and still leave a working balance for the upkeep of four local troops.

History on Wheels

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—When Salt Lake City, Utah, held its annual Covered Wagon Days celebration during the summer, the Salt Lake City Rotary Club was represented by one of the most distinctive floats in the parade. On it were depicted the various stages of the history of Utah, including the Indian, pioneer, and present eras which were indicated by people in appropriate costume and setting.

Camp Curbs Delinquencies

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Each member may send one underprivileged boy to the camp maintained by the Milwaukee Rotary Club each year. Boys last summer were selected from a neighborhood

gang which had become a menace to the neighborhood. It is reported that the two weeks' stay, under proper guidance, has made the boys more observant of property rights and local laws.

Easier Attendance Make-ups

SEATTLE, WASH.—On the day following the regular meeting of the Seattle Rotary Club, an automobile waits in a central location to transport members to a nearby club where they may make-up their attendance.

Picnic for Cripples

OMAHA, NEB.—One hundred and fifty crippled children from every part of Omaha were given their annual picnic by the Omaha Rotary Club recently. A magician, a special band, balloons, and paper hats, and fried chicken were included in the treat.

Aid Flood Sufferers

ENDICOTT, N. Y.—Victims of the recent disastrous flood in New York State were provided with food, clothing, and a sum in cash, by members of the Endicott Rotary Club.

Community Health Foremost

LACONIA, N. H.—Parents whose income did not permit medical care for their families have been relieved of considerable worry this past year by the Laconia Rotary Club. Five local dentists gave treatment to 56 children, contributing their services and charging for material only. Four local eye specialists treated and fitted glasses for 18 boys and girls at a cost of \$155.

Hospitalization was provided for 26 boys and girls requiring tonsil or adenoid operations; and a number of crippled children were also given treatment. All in all Laconia Rotarians have helped 160 boys and girls, and at a cost of little more than \$500.

Reward for Perfect Attendance

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Members of the Rotary Club of Cleveland who maintained perfect attendance records during July took part in the drawing for a free ticket for the club's first golf outing. The winner was entitled to his green fees, dinner gratis, and a special prize.

13 Sign Up for Atlantic City

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Probably the first Rotary club to begin plans for attending the 1936 convention at Atlantic City is Binghamton. Thirteen members have already placed their names on the convention list.

Stress Good Citizenship

LEWISTON AND AUBURN, ME.—Important in the program of the Lewiston and Auburn Rotary Club this Rotary year is its good citizenship work among high school boys and girls. Substantial cash awards will be made to the seniors in the two local high schools who best exemplify outstanding citizenship in their conduct.

Chart Shows Committee Links

MIAMISBURG, OHIO—Prominently displayed in the meeting room of the Miamisburg Rotary Club is a large chart showing the committee appointments for the ensuing year and their relation, one to another. Members are finding this display very helpful in coordinating the work of the various groups and in permitting them to work more efficiently.

Thirty Boys to Camp

KINGSTON, N. Y.—Kingston Rotarians sent 30 underprivileged boys to the Y. M. C. A. camp during one week of the summer months.

Free Law and Lunches

WATERTOWN, N. Y.—For deserving persons not receiving proper assistance because their needs are outside the regular channels of various city and state relief boards, Watertown Rotarians have provided free legal and other assistance this past year, especially in the case of the crippled and handicapped. Watertown Rotarians, through a special committee, keep in constant touch with all children who are retarded in their school work and growth through physical ailment or defect. School lunches are served to those who are undernourished.

From a Clash—Harmony

Of so much news interest to citizens of Atlanta, Ga., and Birmingham, Ala., was an attendance contest which the Rotary Clubs of those two cities held during the summer that three newspapers, whose total circulation was well over 200,000, wrote lead-off editorials about it. Atlanta and Birmingham, lying some 3½ driving miles apart, have long been not-always-friendly rivals. Last Spring, the Rotary Club in the latter city challenged the Rotary Club in the former to an attendance contest. Atlanta accepted and, after a long struggle, Birmingham lost—by one-fifth of a point. As a penalty, her members furnished an excellent program for the winning club. Attendance in each group was raised by more than 20 percent and intercity business harmony increased.

Our Readers' Open Forum

[Continued from page 2]

honest people, came to know their needs for which Mary Breckinridge and her devoted corps of assistants are so ably caring.

The hardships of that service are many, but the beauty of the wild surroundings, the sincere appreciation of the grateful recipients, the chivalry of the men, more than make amends for these privations. This sort of social work is the kind I advocate, for it is practical, it does not tend to cause pauperism and loss of morale, and it inspires those helped to help themselves.

Since I have been supervisor of case workers and, later, county leisure-time director, I was also much interested in Walter B. Pitkin's *Ill Wind Jobs*. There has been a greater demand than ever in the past few years for social service workers on account of the government's help during the panic through which we have just passed. I am hoping there will not be need for so many when PWA and WPA projects begin to operate, but Mr. Pitkin is right in saying there will be a demand for this kind of work for a long time to come. He lists correctly the requirements for those wishing to enter social work and the classifications now open, but, knowing the field as I do, I would advise applicants to seek positions in private organizations rather than in government agencies. In the former there are not so many sudden changes; the criticisms from clients are less frequent; and the possibilities of permanent work are greater.

Although the salaries are not, as a rule, on a par with those given teachers, yet there is a joy in the service that money can never give. Part of my work has been the supervision of a community house I started and I shall always remember the thrill the groups of boys from that neighborhood experienced when I took them for their first swim in the river, the busy hum of the repair shop, the happy looks of the women as they bent over their sewing, the eagerness with which new books and magazines were sought at the little library. In working with these people, I have made friendships I cherish as highly as any I have ever made and they, while I helped them by advice and in a material way, have helped me to a realization of what true service means.

CLARENCE HUFFMAN, *Rotarian*
Leisure-Time Director

Charleston, Ill.

Vacation Tonic

Some years ago as a very young Rotarian, I just had to write a short approving note to *THE ROTARIAN*, and it wasn't as I then observed, "applesauce" either. Now I just must write another short note to say that I think your August issue is just about the best yet. Why, I've even taken it along on my vacation to re-read, as an additional tonic, along with sea bathing, auto travel, and scenery.

Our new club president, Davis Bowman, recently gave me five minutes to tell about some of the good things in that issue (this, by the way, is to be done monthly by some member) and, while I don't play golf, I had to start off with that cover picture that shows the "eternal boy" in us men better than any words can.

Did I say some of the good things? Well, they are all so good that I just had to touch on about every article, mentioning especially the ones by Dan Beard, Angus Mitchell, Malcolm

Thomas-Peter, and Walter Pitkin, for the boy and youth slant on life.

Then Calkins, Gillilan, Burke, the Leacock-Putnam debate (I think Nina has the best of it), and, well it's all so stimulating that I just must say *congratulations*. It's the best number I've read in my nearly ten years as a member of Rotary.

ERNEST SMEDLEY, *Rotarian*
Classification: Commercial Banking
Downington, Pa.

Dams Cost Millions

I wish to thank you for . . . the article by Elmer T. Peterson, *The Crime of Muddy River* in the August *ROTARIAN*. It is indeed interesting to note many states have awakened to the fact that water resources must be conserved.

Twenty-five years ago flowing wells were quite numerous in this valley (Santa Clara). Today our water levels stand at 150 to 250 feet.

Now retention dams and reservoirs with percolation systems are being built at a cost of millions to impound and distribute waters that have been flowing to the Bay. This with the hope of raising water levels in wells.

Experience is a dear teacher, but it seems inevitable.

FRED CALKINS, *Rotarian*
Calkins & Spalding, Orchards
Sunnyvale, Calif.

Public Is Awakening

. . . This problem has impressed itself more forcibly on farmers and business men alike in the past three years than in the 30 years prior to that period. I personally am convinced that it is one of the most important problems which we face as a nation.

While in camp recently, with 4-H Club members, the Great Miami River rose about 18 inches and covered our boat dock. The following morning, there was at least one-half inch of mud on the dock, and one of the older boys made the comment: "That just shows how much soil we are losing off of our fields in these big rains." Such a comment, I feel sure, would not have been made even as late as two years ago. . . .

D. T. HERRMAN, *Rotarian*
County Agricultural Agent
Hamilton, Ohio

Consider "Retale" Values

I noticed in a recent *ROTARIAN* the editorial on clean stories at Rotary functions. The Grand Rapids Club handed me the same ticket. I sent them a printed reply for the use of each member. I gave my own original creed in such matters. Perhaps you would like to quote it or give it circulation:

"I never tell a story in the Market Place that hasn't a *retale* value at the fireplace."

Whilst tossing quotations, may I say that the definition I wrote concerning Rotary I find being much used by district governors and others.

"Rotary is a wheel for turning the best side of man to the light."

FREDERIC SNYDER, *Rotarian*
Classification: Public Speaking
Kingston, N. Y.

[More letters on pages 50 and 51]

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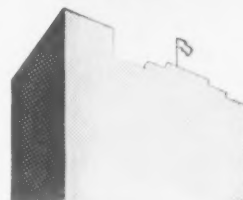
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Too Many Going to College?

A few of the many comments received on the September debate-of-the-month. More letters continuing the discussion will appear in the November issue.

"... Next to Moral Turpitude"

It is next to moral turpitude to publish an article in a service magazine, such as THE ROTARIAN purports to be, that belittles college education. It does not reflect credit upon the intelligence of the editors to broadcast by means

of a special post card* the ideas of egotist Warren Piper.

There are some good-for-nothing students in college as there are some good-for-nothing people in churches. But are there too many people in church? Education is the next best thing to religion. Are there too many receiving the benefits of education? The answer is "no" regardless of what pompous Piper says in print and regardless of what "the editors" say approvingly by implication.

I regret to see THE ROTARIAN publish such an article and regret to see "the editors'" indiscretion in approving by inference.

OTIS G. WILSON

Dean, Teachers College, Marshall College
Huntington, W. Va.

*Attention of a selected list of educators was called to the September debate-of-the-month: Are Too Many Going to College—Yes, by Warren Piper, Chicago businessman; No, by David Kinley, President-Emeritus of the University of Illinois.—The Editors.

Piper Must Pay

... I think this is a very valuable discussion. Of course, I agree with President Kinley, but I think President Piper does too. In fact, I think there is a great deal of truth in Piper's argument. He will perform a service for the colleges rather than do them an injury. The evils that he touches upon are known to college

executives. Those who are progressive are attempting to meet these very situations.

Of course, Mr. Piper has exaggerated the situation somewhat in order to make his position effective. In fact, I feel that his article is at least semi-humorous. He loses all of his wagers because as a college graduate he is able to answer the questions proposed. However, it must be admitted that he is not an average college graduate. He is a brilliant man and got a great deal more from college than he admits in his article.

JOHN J. TIGERT, *Rotarian*
President, University of Florida

Gainesville, Fla.

Colleges and Country Clubs

... I should like to know where Mr. Piper gets his standard of 2,200 hours in class and laboratory in four years. I am myself a junior in a state university and find that my course will average as a minimum 3,600 hours. There is quite a difference and if I am spending 3,600 hours belonging to a country club then I seem to have the wrong idea of country clubs. ...

CARL CAMPBELL

Sparta, Ill.

Colleges Ruining Truck-Drivers?

The question, "Do Too Many Go to College?" like the question, "Do you still beat your wife?" cannot be answered by "Yes" or "No." If you were to ask "Are too many of the wrong people going to college?" I would say "Yes." If you were to ask, "Are we spending too much on our colleges?" I would say, "No, we are not spending enough."

Undoubtedly, many young men and women enter our colleges every year who have little or no capacity for profiting from college instruction. Thus, the colleges may be said to be ruining many potential truck-drivers and beauty-parlor operators. On the other hand, it is equally true that many youngsters with splendid possibilities for profiting from college training are unable to attend these schools. The result is quite unsatisfactory from either point of view and the colleges are blamed.

The whole problem, as I see it, simmers down to the question of finding better methods of selecting those who can profit from such training. Some progress along this line has already been made. More will be made as better techniques are developed.

H. S. CARROLL, *Rotarian*
Superintendent of Schools

New Philadelphia, O.

Collegians and Gas Stations

Some time ago at a Rotary meeting, a speaker stated that a college graduate of his acquaintance had accepted employment in a filling station. He declared this to be an indictment of our economic system. I disagree. If college men did not work in filling stations, that would be an indictment of our economic system or of the kind of education they receive. The idea that there is something wrong in a college man working with his hands is utterly false. It is contrary to Rotary teachings. It is certainly foreign to the fundamentals of democracy.

I will cite three cases. A college graduate of my acquaintance is employed in a filling station. His wife is college-trained. They have two children. They are paying out a home. They own a car. They are active in church and community. I know another college graduate who is operating his small farm, doing most of his own work. He and his wife, also college-trained, are community leaders. An-

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other university graduate, a star athlete, went to his home town and started work in a small clothes cleaning shop. His friends thought he ought to sell bonds or engage in some similar employment. Today he is owner of a successful business. In each of these cases, the college graduate had something to offer the average man didn't have. I am sure they would resent the suggestion that they didn't make good use of their college training.

A college education is intended to fit men and women for better living and better work wherever fortune places them. It is time to quit this foolish business of propagating the idea that a college education exempts a man from hard work or even manual labor. Let's encourage boys and girls to attend college, but let us quit telling them that education is a magic formula for an existence free from care, worry, or work.

RAYMOND H. NICHOLS, *Rotarian*
Editor, *Vernon Daily Record*

Vernon, Tex.

"Kinley Strikes the Keynote . . ."

President Emeritus David Kinley strikes the keynote when he says: "A country like ours needs educated followers as well as educated leaders, and the more with higher education the better." Our illiteracy statistics are appalling. Realizing this, our President has created the National Youth Administration which will aid a hundred thousand college students to begin or continue their college courses. We need more college students of the type that will be helped. . . .

WILLIAM NOEL HANSEL, *Rotarian*
Athletic Coach and Principal of Grades,
Illmo Consolidated School District No. 2

Illmo, Mo.

Give Graduate Time

I am very old-fashioned in my conception of education and believe that most institutions have gone in for quantity rather than quality during the last decade. There are notable exceptions, both among state and private institutions.

We can hardly have too many young people going to college if they are well prepared and are in earnest. Unfortunately, many boys and girls wish to have a year in institutions for the social standing it is supposed to give and for other non-educational reasons. I think this number is relatively small.

The college graduate probably does not do better than the high school graduate for the first few weeks or months of his employment, but over a period of a year or more, he unquestionably far excels the non-college employee.

J. R. McCAIN, *Rotarian*
President, *Agnes Scott College*

Decatur, Ga.

Colleges All Right for Some

Judging from figures given out by the Department of Education at Washington, two years ago regarding the number of college students who do not graduate, it would appear that too many have started to college. And judging from the great number of freshmen who "flunk" out of our large universities, one would think that they would have been better off if they had stayed home.

I am convinced that too many go to certain types of colleges; too many take courses in overcrowded professions and vocations. (I sometimes think it would be economy if all the Teachers'

Colleges were closed for two years at least.) My daughter is going to college this year—I am not sending her. She knows why she is going, and what she expects to get. Is not that a partial answer to the question?

There is nothing wrong with college education—for some folks. Outside of the professions in which law requires college education, it all depends upon the individual. A man destined for success will succeed with a knowledge of a few fundamentals. And surely he will have greater success, render greater service in his calling, if his knowledge is broad, deep. This knowledge of fundamentals, plus the ability to think, will suffice, no matter where he gets it.

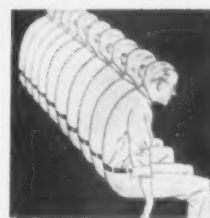
R. M. UTTERBACK, *Rotarian*
Pres., *Utterback-Brown Business College*
Danville, Ill.

Snap . . . Backbones

All of us school superintendents can cite cases where parents are apparently wasting their hard earnings in supporting thoughtless youths in college luxury, but it's their money and their offsprings. On the other hand, who among us can say that one absorbs nothing, even among the "snap" appreciation courses? In my own experience, some of these so-called snap courses have given me most worth in my later years.

We are building for "worthy use of leisure" which is now surely here. I say let all who so wish and can get in, go. Each with any backbone will be better for the college offering. Of course, there are colleges and colleges. A wise choice is the main thing.

C. R. STONE, *Rotarian*
District Superintendent of Schools
Munhall, Pa.



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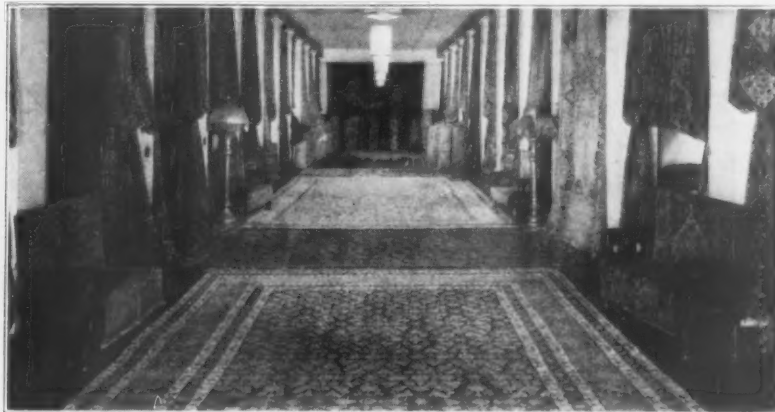


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Our Right to be Let Alone

[Continued from page 23]

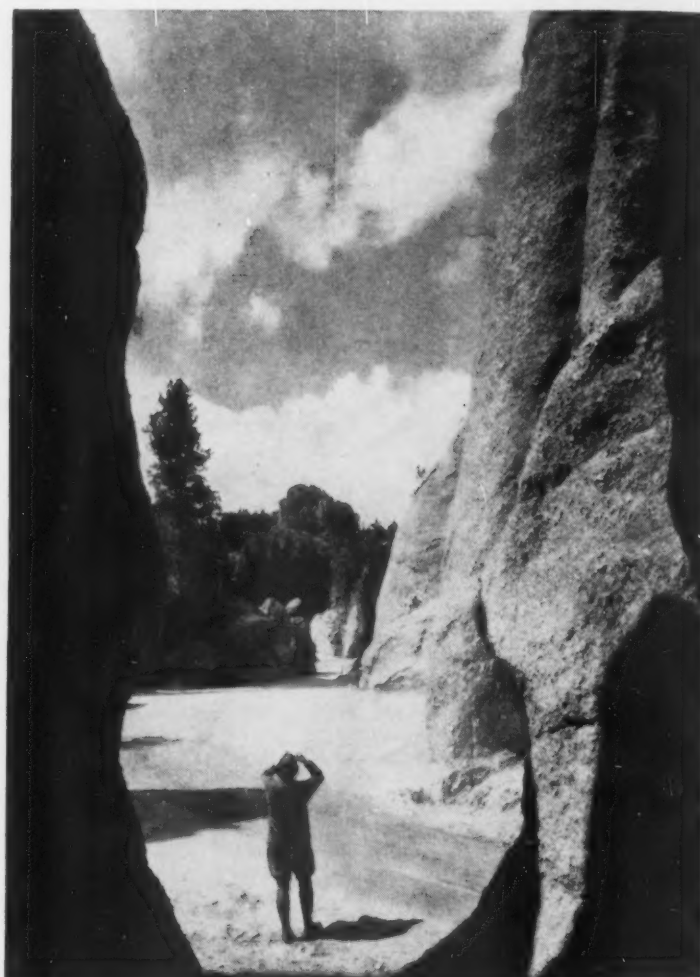
ities, to determine "to what extent his thoughts, sentiments, and emotions shall be communicated to others. . . . The existence of this right does not depend upon the particular method of expression adopted. It is immaterial whether it be by word, or by signs, in painting, by sculpture, or in music." Even a private collection of etchings or jewels is protected against public listing or description. And no one has the legal right to describe your gestures, your facial expression, or your emotions, without your consent. The principle involved is the principle of an inviolate personality.

HERE we have an immunity bath in the pleasantest and best sense of the term, but in a sense rarely realized by a bedevilled public. We are blessed, in fact, with "rights as against the world." These rights have been "forged in the slow fire of the centuries." Roscoe Pound once said that "strictly the concern of the law is with social interests"; and again: "It is important to remember that the progress of civilization has given rise to these individual interests and that the growth of the law has made men conscious of them. For the growth of the law and the growth of consciousness of individual interests have gone on together."

If the individual has a sacred right to be let alone, why should not nations enjoy it? Our dearest friends are those upon whose solitude, aloofness or privacy we are most scrupulous not to intrude. Well, modern technological invention and the drive of modern industry have engendered on occasion the most flagrant international intrusions. With imperialist meddling I shall not concern myself here; but I invite your attention to the thought that a nation's trade secrets, its social peculiarities, its military preparations, its governmental processes, ought to be inalienably its own, free from ground and lofty photography, free from cabled or radioed code descriptions. Certainly Rotary's objective of international goodwill and understanding is not advanced by untruthful comment or callous ridicule of one country in another.

Indeed, we must turn to a world figure, internationally famous, to find our first evangelist of individual rights. Although it has been less than half a century since American courts came to an acute realization of personality as sacred,

"Each of us is captain of his soul, and each of us has . . . a real right to his individual experience and emotion . . . each of us has a right to be let alone."



privacy has a classical background of nearly two centuries in the writings of Jean Jacques Rousseau. It was Rousseau who vowed that man was endowed with "natural rights." This one-time lackey, watch-mender, and pseudo-musician, whose early education was founded on a mixture of Plutarch, Ovid, and Fontenelle with romantic novels, did not begin to write until he was thirty-five, and did not begin to set the world on fire until a decade before the Boston Tea Party.

I SUPPOSE, in his influence upon human thought and practices; his attacks upon social and governmental institutions remain a landmark, but his plea for the honesty, simplicity, and equity of the natural man has been invalidated by the Machine Age. He was no pioneer, for that matter, in his theory of the social contract, for there Hobbes and John Locke had preceded him; but his passionate denial of Diderot's preachment that the urbane processes of systematized knowledge and technology might bring the perfectability of man, his stentorian eloquence in behalf of the right to live completely as individuals, are drowned in the tinkle of the telephone and the

blare of the omnipresent loud speaker.

At long last, however, American courts have upheld the right to be let alone. We Yankees have a right to such isolation as we choose. Our friends may suspect that we have an uneasy conscience, if we do not wear our hearts on our sleeves, and may ostracize us in reprisal; that is a price we must be prepared to pay for privacy if need be. None of us is ambitious to emulate Timon of Athens. It is doubtful whether Einstein's advice to young scientists to live in light-houses, where they can escape the intrusions and distractions of the modern world, will be taken quite seriously, even by his warmest admirers. But as Farnsworth Crowder in his *The Promise of Modern Life*, recently appearing in this magazine, made clear, all of us might profit by being, even while in this noisy modern world, not so inextricably of it.

We are entitled to our moments of meditation in quiet solitude. Each of us is captain of his soul, and each of us has an inviolable personality, a real right to his individual experience and emotion, free of outside scrutiny or interference. Each of us has a right to be let alone.

Paths to Glory

[Continued from page 13]

capacity of others. And I believe that any businessman who reads this will agree that good, healthy respect for the other fellow's ability is a fundamental of business success.

There is another real advantage, for later use, in the training which a boy gets out of football. That is the knowledge that accomplishment depends greatly upon organized effort by a group.

The great Minnesota and Alabama teams of 1934, both of which were entitled to a claim to the national championship, were exceptionally well coordinated units. Coaches Bernie Bierman, of Minnesota, and Frank Thomas, of Alabama, have rare ability to organize a squad of boys of variegated temperaments into a team which is "all for one and one for all."

Development of that kind of spirit has practical value. A boy learns to gear his own ability in with the abilities of others. In the case of a lineman he may get little newspaper credit. But his is the satisfaction of a good job well done and the appreciation of his coach and teammates; to him that is ample repayment for everything.

In an earlier paragraph I referred to the "right kind of coach." A really great coach is closer to the boys during their formative years than anyone else. If he is a good man and a kindly one, he adjusts his treatment of each boy on the squad to his individual makeup. He must know how to arouse the phlegmatic; how to steady the nervous, high strung, speed-charged youngster; how to deflate the selfish egotist; whom to pat on the back—and when to do it.

This is no small job, especially at a large university where the varsity squad

may include from thirty-five men on up.

In that connection, back in my college days, there was one professor who mingled a great deal with the Illinois squad. I thought nothing of it, and it was not until my senior year that I discovered that he was an instructor in psychology, who worked with Zuppke in deciphering the mental makeups of the boys on the squad and the right methods of handling each. Later, I learned that his report on me was that I would operate best if encouraged.

He must have been correct. For in my freshman year, when I reported for the yearling squad and saw the horde of huskies on the field, I decided the competition was too fast, too big, and too numerous for Red Grange. I dropped out of the squad and only pressure from my fraternity forced me to return.

EARL BRITTON, the big fullback whose phenomenal blocking, along with that of other Illini warriors, was responsible for ground I gained, was of a different mental type. Everything, including football, was just a lot of fun to Earl.

Well do I remember our first Big Ten game, in our sophomore year, when we played Iowa at Iowa City. Zuppke, who has no equal in keying a team to battle pitch, had us aroused to the point where we would have welcomed a joust with hungry tigers and lions; all of us, that is, except Britton.

From the top of the bus which transported the team to the stadium, Earl sailed little paper ships, of his own manufacture, into the Iowa Homecoming crowd. On each ship he had printed, "Nuts to Iowa." He was having one swell time. But from the first second after the opening whistle that afternoon, and every other Saturday afternoon during the remainder of the season, Earl played football "for keeps." That was the year we won the conference championship, when, at the start of the season we weren't conceded a chance. The team was *one*.

Those memories bear no price tag. We were not playing for room or board, or tuition, or publicity, or cash. We were in there fighting for one another and for Zuppke and Illinois. It did not matter that the glory of the championship was transient. The struggle, the unity, were an end in themselves.

Robert C. Zuppke, football coach at the University of Illinois and a Rotarian—one good reason for much of "Red" Grange's gridiron success.



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Bowl, Men, Bowl!

[Continued from page 28]

coming keener. While the chronicler of this saga was disappointed because Kansas City failed to finish at the top of last year's scores, he took pleasure in observing, as the telegraphed scores rolled in, that the town in which he was born, old Fremont, Ohio, placed first.

We are assuming that by now you are "raring to go." That if you have not already organized, or started to organize, a bowling league in your club, you would like to know how to do so. We wouldn't be so presumptuous as to try to tell you how to do it, but we would suggest that you ask some bowler in your club about it. You will then soon be on your way.

IN closing this cultural thesis, we can think of no more fitting way than to use some poetry. We are singularly fortunate, we believe, in our selection. In 1922, or thereabouts, Rufus "Rough House" Chapin, the perennial keeper of Rotary's treasure, poetized a bowling classic called *The Song of the Alley*.

We do not agree with those critics who say that without meter and without form there can be no poetry. We subscribe to the theory that emotion is the basis of all true poetic expression. We are willing, even eager, to overlook metrical blemishes if a poet can agitate or disturb our emotions. We are positive, you will agree, that when "Rufe" was lolling there in the bleachers, on that memorable bowling night when this epic was composed, his emotions were clicking a perfect score. Here it is:

*Bowling night's the night for me,
Crammed with joy, packed with glee!
How I love that night of bowling
When the ball goes rolling, rolling
O'er the maple, swiftly gliding
Toward that pyramid a-sliding!
Now she hits twist one and three,
Pins all flying! Hully gee!
Crammed with joy, packed with glee,
Bowling night's the night for me!*

*Now the bowler picks his ball
Determined he to get them all.
Feels so gol-darned self-reliant
Looks around with looks defiant,
Takes his pose
On his toes,
Away he goes!
The ball he throws!
See it tearing down the alley!
Does not tarry, does not dally!
Up the hill! Oh, you pill!
Watch the hook and see 'em spill!*

*Shatter! Clatter! Spatter! Scatter!
Love o' Mikel! What is the matter?
Never threw so good a ball.
Got a railroad after all!
Which is why I sing, you see,
"Crammed with joy, packed with glee,
Bowling night's the night for me."*

*Bowling night's the night for me,
Crammed with joy, packed with glee!
Unending round of funny sights
Are crowded in on bowling nights.
Watch the bowler take his place,
Holds his ball before his face,
Squints one eye and tries to prove
That he alone has found the groove!
Now he starts, he seems to feel
The thrill of life along his keel.
He swings the ball!
The tenpins sprawl!
Just see 'em fall!
He's got 'em all!
Upon the pins he turns his back
To mark a strike up on the rack.
Up goes a howl,
"You made a foul!"
"Shoot another ball, you owl!"
Crammed with joy, packed with glee,
Bowling night's the night for me!*

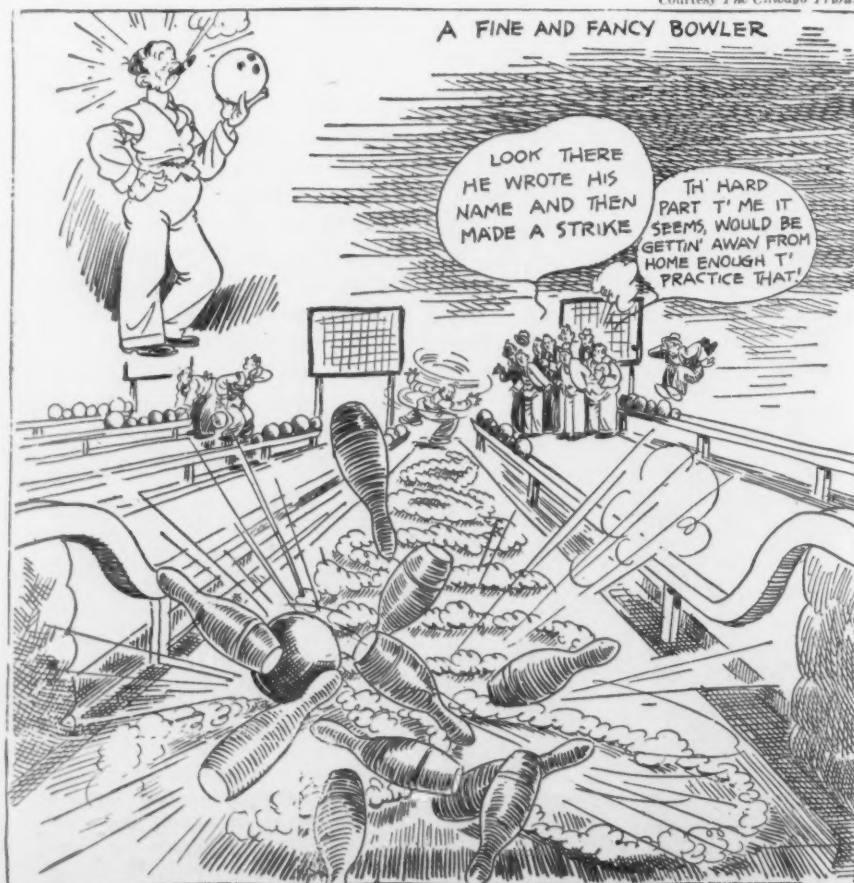
*Bowling night's the night for me,
Crammed with joy, packed with glee!
I'll confess it if I must,
Each bowling night I nearly bust
Watching all the types of bowler*

*(Antidotes for chronic choler),
Here's a bird, just get his style,
To bowl at all must run a mile!
When he's set he makes a dash
A flash! A splash! A crash! A smash!
The air is filled with soaring wood
And nothing is where once pins stood!
Still, methinks, not yet—but soon
He may conglomerate a coon.
And if he does, it's naught to me!
Crammed with joy, packed with glee,
Bowling night's the night for me!*

*Bowling night's the night for me,
Crammed with joy, packed with glee!
Thin or fat or short or tall,
A thousand ways he shoots the ball!
A thousand ways he waits results!
A thousand ways he then exults!
Some come waltzing up the pike
Every time they make a strike!
Then there's he who's always there
Alibi-ing unmade spare!
"Skinned his thumb."
"Feeling bum."
"Stepped on some
Piece of gum."
Splutter, sputter, fuss and cuss,
These alibis they tickle us.*

*By word and act you make for joy!
Roll on! Bowler! Attaboy!
So long's I live, I hope there'll be
Crammed with joy, packed with glee!
Many bowling nights for me!*

Courtesy The Chicago Tribune



Back of 'The Big Shot'

I HADN'T seen Bennie for years. I was finally in the city where he lived and heard he was president of a going concern. In the old days Bennie and I used to like to play cards with some of the lads, and I decided that I'd surprise him and see if he wanted to drop in at the hotel for a game that evening.

Bennie had the most pretentious office I'd ever seen. A slick-haired male secretary informed me that Mr. Bennie was busy. So when the male attendant wasn't looking, I slipped by the gate and tip-toed into the office. There sat Bennie.

A half a dozen men were standing around his desk.

"Have that report submitted in triplicate!" boomed Bennie.

"Yes, sir," replied a short man.

"Tell the Rand people that their bid is not conformable to our standards of specification!" bellowed Bennie.

"Yes, sir," croaked a fat man.

"You, Tom," rasped Bennie, "are to make an advance inspection of those ads.

I want nothing but some good ones."

"Yes, sir," snapped Tom.

"You, Jim," ordered Bennie, "will double check those lists at once and see if our shipments can't be handled more economically."

"Yes, sir," wheezed Jim.

"And you, Harry," barked Bennie, "will inform the entire personnel of the new sales quotas, and order new high sales records. That's all, gentlemen. You have your assignments. I want action and I want it now!"

They scattered like leaves before a wind. So Bennie was a "big shot." Then he spied me.

"Hello, there." He gave me a big smile.

"I'm just in town for the day," I said, "and I remember how you liked to play cards. Care to join us in a little game at the hotel tonight?"

"Why, er-ah-er-ah, I don't know right now," the great man faltered, "I'll have to ask my wife."—ARTHUR JAYE LARSON.

Let's Save the Ducks!

I. No Hunting in 1936 . . . William T. Hornaday

[Continued from page 14]

The open season has been reduced to thirty consecutive days. The use of live decoys has been totally outlawed. The baiting of waterfowl, to slaughter it at short range, has been totally prohibited. Important restrictions have been put upon the use of floating batteries, "blinds," and boats. The possession limit of birds has been reduced one-half. And for all of the above, we are mighty thankful. It is a great step forward.

But all those measures treat symptoms. They do not get at the foundation cause of the ailment, *too many guns!* An iron-clad rule that *no* hunting be allowed, at *least* for the current year, would have been an all-embracing additional move in the right direction, absolutely insuring a great gain in breeding stock in 1936.

One of the principles of fair play in the prize-fight ring is that when a man is down you must not hit him, no matter what the rules may have permitted in the way of pummeling, gouging, and general mayhem while he was standing upon his feet. In a boxing match, where the contest is conventionalized and classed as sport, the rules may prescribe the weight of the gloves, the kind of "punches" that may or may not be given,

and so forth; but when the opponent goes *down* he mustn't be hit at all, not with any kind of a punch, nor with any kind of a glove.

I wish to follow up this parallel in discussing the needs of the next year, and to point out that even with all the new restrictions on duck shooting, Chief Darling estimates that our 611,959 "duck-stamp" duck hunters will kill *this year* a total of between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 ducks! Make a note of that.

NOW I ask you, won't that be hitting the ducks when they are down? Should there not now, in all fairness, be a year of no shooting at all in 1936? In 1936 I think it will be time for the referee to step in, and stop the bout in behalf of some sure recovery, precisely as was done for the vanishing fur seals, by Congress, in 1914.

The sportsmen themselves should voluntarily decide to shoot no ducks in 1936, under present conditions, even though they legally may be permitted to do so. They should apply to the situation as a whole the same rules of ethics that they are supposed to observe in their ordinary shooting behavior, in order to merit the

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distinction of being called "sportsmen," and "conservationists." Their duty is plain—a duty to themselves, to the sport which they love so much, and to those who surely will wish to enjoy the same sport in the future. It is a sport of which the sportsman of today is not the sole owner and consumer, but the duty-bound custodian.

Our statutory laws endeavor to protect the ducks during the mating season, after sundown, before sunrise, while resting on open water, and so on; but the sportsman himself should protect the ducks and his own status as a sportsman by refusing to shoot them unless they are fairly abundant, on the wing, and by other self-imposed regulations.

The same rules of sportsmanship which make it unethical to shoot ducks sitting on the water should make it worse than unethical to shoot at all when all of the ducks in the Western Hemisphere are, figuratively speaking, "down" upon the water. No matter what the weapon used, no matter what the bag limit, the hours for shooting, or any other consideration applicable to normal conditions, no legal shooting of wildfowl should be permitted during the year 1936.

Since it is not possible for each individual sportsman to be aware of the situation as a whole in respect to migratory game, it becomes necessary to provide for regional and national executive action by sources which have the means of obtaining wide information for themselves and for the public at large. These executives are supposed to be acting for the people as a whole, and they can not base their actions solely upon what the sportsman would most probably desire, and just nothing else.

A MAJOR step was taken in 1930 in our game administration, when provisions were made for a sweeping revision of bag-limit rules when it appeared that the cards were fatally stacked (even more than usual!) against the migratory wildfowl. Somebody had to stop the fight, because one of the parties was hanging on the ropes and was in danger not only of a knockout, but of permanent injury, or even of death.

Official Washington, and almost everybody else, now concedes that North America's supply of waterfowl is at the lowest point that it ever has reached in its history. Chief J. N. Darling of the Biological Survey is both honest and courageous when he admits that the control of shooting now is the "only quick means" available to us by which to influence the present desperate situation. During the last fifteen years, armies of

men, and women too, have been demanding that the engines of influence should be set a-going and worked for all they are worth to curtail shooting in time to save enough breeding stock to place our game on a permanent basis.

Fortunately—or unfortunately—a five-year series of terrific droughts have forced the hands of all concerned. Calamity stepped in. On August 6, 1934, Game Commissioner A. E. Etter, of Saskatchewan, wired to Commissioner J. B. Harkin, at Ottawa, as follows: "DRIED OUT. BURNED UP. BLOWN AWAY. NO DUCKS."

The records thus revealed the climax year of the five-year-long drought: dry streams, dry ponds, dry marshes, dusty or grass-covered lake beds, intense heat, young ducks perishing by thousands in the search for water to drink, and food burned up. "Only one duck was found where there should have been ten." The awful losses of domestic stock by starvation are well known.

The official investigators reported that, as a whole, the wildfowl breeding-grounds of Canada (where 85 percent of North America's ducks are hatched and reared), contained only 50 percent of the waterfowl population that should have been there. Ten species were alarmingly

"scarce," and some were down and out!

If any one for a moment doubts that the hunters have terribly reduced North America's supply of waterfowl, he need but read the records of the past 60 years, or consult oldsters with good memories.

Where streams and lakes and marshes once hummed with the pleasant sound of massed waterfowl, they now echo to the staccato sound of motor launches and the ominous boom of shotguns. It is surprising, and not a little disheartening, that these conditions have so little impressed the public, the press, and even the organizations of sportsmen.

AFTER thirty years of "voices crying in the wilderness," suddenly there came a realization that North American waterfowl really were decreasing at a most alarming rate. Due to various awakenings in the last 25 years, many groups of licensed hunters, and many state game commissions, have rendered timely and important services to real game protection. Let it never be forgotten that they helped to stop the sale of game, to stop spring shooting, and to pass the Migratory Bird Law.

Between the years 1920 and 1930, a total of 29 States, through their State Game Commissions, went on record in support of bag-limit reductions on waterfowl, from 25 ducks and 8 geese per day to 15 and 4, which became effective in 1930. And in 1931, a total of 27 States backed up the (successful) demand for an immediate "emergency short open season" on waterfowl, of 30 days only.

And now, the Federal Government again forges into real conservation; and glory be unto the present administration, which has made six or seven drastic reforms that might never have been made by a majority of the States had it been left to them alone!

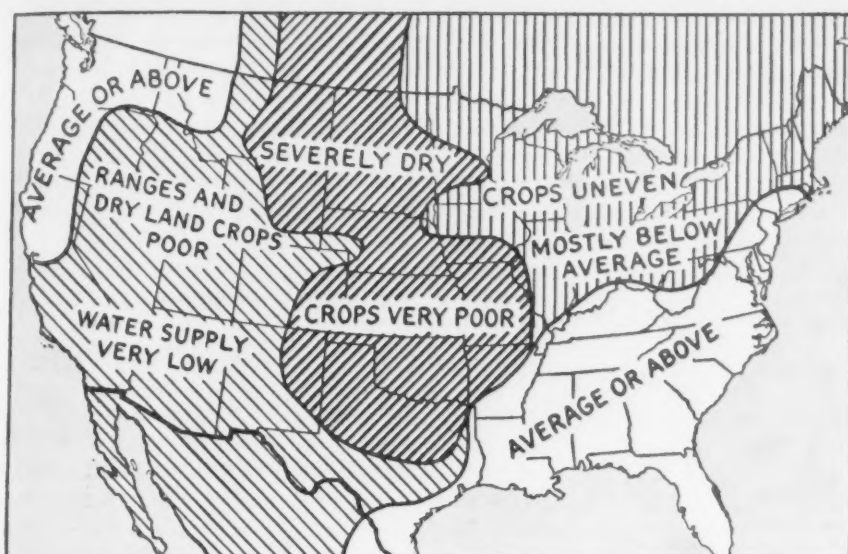
Ever since the turn of the century the hunters had been killing game with little regard, or none at all, for the future of wild ducks in the Western Hemisphere; no, not even though it was apparent to the most casual observer, 15 years ago, that the program could end in only one of two ways—shooting reform, or duck oblivion.

On the one hand, the sportsmen were warned that they were blasting the ducks from off the face of the earth. On the other hand, they were lulled to sleep, a sleep that they liked, by assurances that a plentiful supply of ducks depended on nothing more disagreeable than more duck-breeding, more "rest areas," "rest days" and other devices not one of which would necessitate any decrease in the annual total shooting.



For Your Den or Office "Ducks Take Wing" in Full Color

ADDITIONAL copies of this month's cover of mallard ducks by Lynn Bogue Hunt are now available to readers. Each copy is printed in four colors on heavy pebbled paper, especially suitable for framing. Simply send ten cents for each copy (stamps or coin) to Dept.-D, THE ROTARIAN, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. Ask for "Ducks Take Wing."



Courtesy U. S. Department of Agriculture

A pictorial story of the great drought of 1934, the worst in the history of North America. In the dark area, lakes and streams dried up, crops burned, stock starved, and wildlife—including about half of the duck population—died.

The turn came in 1930, and the pendulum began to swing. The actual decrease in waterfowl forced more reductions in bag limits in 1932, 1933 and 1934, which commonsense and foresight had for years failed to do.

Much complaint is being made of the "rigid" restrictions placed upon the hunter this year; but even if these new regulations are made fully effective they surely will not save even one-half the birds that a whole closed season would secure. And will these new rules save a sufficient stock of breeding birds for next year? It is my fear that they will not.

If North American waterfowl are to be conserved, not alone for this generation but for those to come, we must face the issue squarely, and take such drastic measures as facts, not desires, dictate. That our waterfowl are diminishing is terribly evident. Whether reduced bag limits, limited gun capacity, rest days and the stoppage of bad hunting practices will solve the problem and stabilize the future remains to be seen!

What to do?

FIRST of all, a million serious citizens must acquire an up-to-date viewpoint of the problem. We must look at it from the standpoint of the waterfowl themselves, so to speak, not the hunter, nor the chicken-coop game-breeder. Remember that wild mallard ducks born and reared in captivity quickly become so tame that they lose all their value as normal "game" birds.

In order to firmly establish an adequate federal policy for the saving of breeding game, it is essential that the friends of the ducks shall be made to real-

ize the true state of affairs. Then, the conscientious citizen must courageously seek action through organizations and lawmakers. Public opinion must be so far consolidated and strengthened that behind the rules will be a firm determination that waterfowl salvage laws shall be enforced.

The reforms in killing that have been made this year make seven great steps forward toward real waterfowl salvage and stabilization. Next year, it is my belief that the spur of necessity will force more drastic action. It is high time to reject the half-way objectives of the "timid-soul conservationist" who would try to eat his cake and have it too, by trying to make "more game" by mechanical methods, but yielding nothing paramount from the present killing privileges of the sportsman. All the world knows that desperate diseases require desperate remedies. It is the way of fools to reject the surgeon's knife, and die! Either give up the birds, or sternly curb the hunter's "privileges" of shooting them. Of the two alternatives, we are for the latter.

By some conservationists, it is said that a closed season would be unenforceable. I fail to see their logic. There is much to be said on that point. Broadly speaking, hunters can be divided into two classes: first, those who will give up their pleasure of the moment for the good of all; and, second, those who will break the law anyway, whenever they can. The first group would surely be amenable to a year-long closed season, in face of the 30-years-long rapidly-dwindling supply of waterfowl. And as for the second class—well, the arm of the law has to reckon with them, no matter whether the

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law says to hunt at certain times, or not.

The necessities of the situation, it seems to me, point to the next conclusion. It is that public opinion should ring the gong and stop the battle before it is too late. I think the logic of the situation demanded that there should be no hunting this fall, and that a year of no hunting should have been devoted to making

comprehensive plans for bigger and better stabilization hereafter. But we will just have to deal with the situation as we find it, and today be thankful for the new regulations and the new hopes that have been given us. We must accept Chief Darling's assurance that this year the cause of game-killing reform has gone just as far as it could go, and live.

Let's Save the Ducks!

2. Regulate Hunting, Don't Stop it...J. N. Darling

[Continued from page 15]

present status of hunting in these United States, the most densely populated nation of the Western Hemisphere. Last year, American nimrods killed 9,000,000 ducks, it is estimated. But that figure should be reduced by one-half this fall, for on August 1, a 30-day open season for hunting geese, brant, jacksnipe, and coot as well as ducks, was established by presidential proclamation.

Previous to 1913 each of the States made its own migratory game-bird hunting laws. Hunting would be legal on a given day in, say, South Dakota, but not in adjacent Nebraska. Now, the Federal Government, instead of the forty-eight States, regulates hunting, and there are but two zones: north and south. In the former, this year's open season runs from October 21 to November 19; in the latter from November 20 to December 19.

The early-rising hunter will have to restrain his tingling finger, for legal hunting on those 30 days starts at 7 A. M. and ceases at 4 P. M. He will have to forego the use of live decoys which in past seasons lured their brethren from the skies with their *qua-acks*! Shooting over baited water or land is taboo, too, and a hunter in a "blind" or any floating craft more than a hundred feet from the shoreline will run the risk of trouble with the game warden. Power-propelled boats are banned altogether. Severe penalties await the huntsman who has more than ten ducks in his possession.

Rigid? Yes indeed, but not too rigid if North American migratory game-birds are going to be given a chance to continue in numbers sufficient to insure an adequate breeding stock for next year—and the years after that. At least, regulatory measures of this sort, based upon careful and widespread surveys, should be given an honest trial before the more drastic decree of *no* hunting be invoked.

As this is written, the 1935 regulations have been before the public eye for three days. Bushels of telegrams and bales of letters are already flowing into the offices

of the Biological Survey, bringing the reaction of various interested citizens. For the most part, the authors are engaged in exercising their democratic privilege to protest:

(1) That the regulations are too severe and that the Biological Survey knows nothing about ducks, geese, doves, and shorebirds;

(2) That the regulations are not nearly drastic enough and that the Biological Survey knows nothing about ducks, geese, doves, and shorebirds.

All are agreed, it will be observed, on one point. Nevertheless, here and there, like clams in a charity chowder, one finds the few words of commendation that keep us from the hopeless melancholy that consumes the complete cynic.

Reading this correspondence would convince anyone that "the boys" take their shooting regulations seriously, and that national events equal in their somber importance to those that preceded the Civil War are being lightly dealt with by that curious group of incompetents who are assembled in the Biological Survey. Here are half a dozen States, according to some of the writers, threatening secession because the Federal Government won't let them invade a sanctuary and kill off the last of the beautiful wood duck. Other States, it seems, are on the point of taking up arms in a "blood purge" because the Federal Government didn't see fit to close the season entirely.

Of course, it's not really as bad as all of that. A zealot characteristically believes that thousands of people are just as red and mad about a certain something as he is. But it is not strange that some of the older staff members of the Survey vision the time close at hand when they will be required to go about ringing the little, dreadful bell of the leper and shouting miserably, "Unclean! Unclean!"

The astonishing thing about all of this dissension is that only a few of the state-

ments come from the damn-they-game-laws group and the opposite extremists who find pleasure in denying pleasure. Most of the letters and telegrams come from people who are sincere—people who are passionately concerned about the welfare of our wild ducks and geese. Such sincere interest is grounds for optimism that a body of nationwide opinion will eventually develop which will implement a constructive policy of conservation.

But in the meantime, in spite of all this vigorous sincerity opposed to extermination of migratory wildfowl, we face the incontrovertible fact that the North American supply has declined consistently since the introduction of the breech-loading shotgun some seventy-five years ago. The crux of the problem is to be found in the United States, for here not only are large feeding- and breeding-grounds, but the majority of hunters on the continent. And here we have had little unanimity, and until recently no coördinated policy.

Flying ducks know no national frontiers. They are internationalists by instinct, and their conservation is an international problem duly recognized by The Migratory Bird Treaty Act of 1918 which is a covenant between the United States and Canada for the protection of a mutual resource. *It is the only treaty of its kind in history.*

Here in the United States, a dozen doctors have been sitting about the bedside, each anxious to save the sweating patient, but almost willing to let the poor devil die rather than have a rival resuscitate him.

It would be funny, were it not so true, that the maintenance of wildfowl is a matter of profound importance—as much so as the conservation of our oil, coal, forests, and minerals. Not just for the ducks and geese themselves, either. For millions of us, life on the North American Continent would be as artificial as trying to set up housekeeping in a cocktail room if we couldn't step out into the yard on moonlit nights in the Spring and Fall and hear, far above, that wild, sweet clangor of trumpets that has stirred mankind since the beginning. We can't afford to let these things go, even on sentimental grounds alone, and we can't let them go for more practical reasons.

Fortunately—for the ducks and for the man whose blood tingles at the sight of a great flying V in the skies—the United States now has a national policy in conservation. When oil is drawn from the ground or minerals are blasted from the mountains, they are gone forever. But

if we leave a reasonable number of birds each year, throw reasonable safeguards around them during the breeding season, they will replenish the supply. The "cropping" principle that is invoked in scientific forestry is identical to the one which the Federal Government is now applying to migratory wildfowl.

But in this almost obviously wise procedure, the Biological Survey "gets in bad" with about a million of the 122 million people of the United States. How to regulate the annual kill so there will be the requisite breeding birds is no simple, no easy problem. Back-seat driving is not confined to the automobile.

THE man who, honestly alarmed by the appalling decrease in waterfowl life, works out on paper "a plan" to solve the problem finds it hard to understand why something isn't done about it—and done quickly! He knows little of the realistic and practical barriers that confront the official who holds the wheel of complicated authority in his hands.

This year, a clamor was raised in favor of a closed season on ducks and geese. Some ardent conservationists would go even further. I admire the spirit of these sportsmen who are willing to give up their shooting, but I put a question mark over their optimistic faith in the power of a presidential signature on a regulation. Merely to sing-song "there ought'a be a law" doesn't do any good. And when the law is on the books, the field isn't won. A rule of any game has to be enforced if it is any good whatsoever; that's why we have referees even at a friendly football match.

The woods are full of real sportsmen. They try to learn the rules of their game, and abide by them. But always there are a few outlaws, men who shoot in or out of season with impunity—if they think they can "get by" with it. Then there are those who live along the fringes of nesting areas who shoot to provide their tables with fresh meat. They aren't willfully unsocial, but see no reason why they shouldn't hunt without stint as did their grandfathers before them.

All of these men who, for reasons mentioned and others, won't or simply don't play according to rule help to create a serious problem. If we are to solve it, their coöperation as well as the help of the more socially minded sportsmen is essential. We are far more likely to get it through a campaign of public education and a regulation of hunting than through prohibiting the killing of birds altogether for a season. We are too close to the days when the Eighteenth Amendment, prohibiting liquor, was on the



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Why Call Them Sportsmen?

books to forget the lessons it taught in law enforcement.

To enforce even a regulatory law, the necessity of which is obvious to anyone who has hunted for even a few years, requires men—good ones—and money. The Survey's enforcement arm this year is \$50,000 weaker than it was last year. It is conceivable that under such circumstances, a closed season might easily culminate in a disastrous breakdown of enforcement and destroy for many years to come all public confidence in Federal authority to enforce game regulations.

We asked for money, of course. But after experience in such matters one comes to entertain an unworthy suspicion that congressmen are not exactly infatuated with the idea of giving money to employ enforcement agents who may arrest an influential constituent coming in off the marsh with more ducks than the limit allows.

However, the regulations this season are the tightest ever drawn. They are enforceable; and they do not represent any attempt to effect a compromise between those who want to shoot and those who do not want to shoot. They do represent a means, based on the most extensive and unbiased information ever compiled on the status of wildfowl, to enable the ducks to return to their breeding-grounds next spring with an increase of two or three millions over the numbers that went back this year.

But regulating the annual wildfowl kill, urgent and important though it is admitted to be, is not the whole solution to the problem of conserving North American migratory birds. There is the

land problem—soil erosion, drought, and flood—ably discussed in the August ROTARIAN by Elmer T. Peterson. Gradually, we of North America are awakening to a realization that in our handling of our soil and water resources we have displayed the same sort of shrewdness, thrift, and foresight to be observed in the activities of a drunken sailor who is celebrating a shore leave after a four-year cruise.

In the United States alone, we have dried up some 77 million acres of land that Nature had put under water. We haven't stopped to reflect that these puddles and pools, marshes and lakes, exert a profound effect on water levels. Drain them, and down goes the water table, and away go the waterfowl, the fish, and

the fur-bearers. And when ducks fly out at the window, dust storms come in at the front door.

We, of the Biological Survey, are trying to see our conservation problem as a whole as well as part by part. That is why one big division is working day and night to reflood as much of this desiccated area as can be purchased with the few millions of dollars that have been

pried away from the wall. In time we hope to give some 3,000,000 acres back to original uses from which it should never have been withdrawn in the first place. Much of the damage done by drainage can never be repaired, for Nature has a way sometimes of storing moisture in non-refillable bottles.

Coördination among government agencies in behalf of wildlife conservation is, I am glad to say, at last assuming form and substance. For example, the U. S. Reclamation Service, formerly and humorously referred to as "the biological desert maker," has turned over lands to the Survey and given us concessions with respect to grazing privileges, which I honestly believe will altogether accomplish as much for the benefit of wildlife as the \$6,000,000 given us by Congress for the same purposes.

While the United States is evolving a national conservation policy, Canada stands by ready to coöperate. It should be so. When a continental resource worth a half billion dollars is being administered, there is no room at the directors' table for theory or sentiment, but only for facts. To a wild duck that must run the gauntlet of disease, drought, natural enemies, not to mention duck-shot, a bucketful of water and a cupful of wild rice when and where he can use them in safety are of more value than all the good wishes in the world.

The Duck Pond That Flew

ONE cold November day a number of us had gathered around a bulging-bellied stove in a Northern Wisconsin town. We had just finished a rather satisfactory day of duck-hunting and were exchanging experiences. In a pause that came, an old settler leaned forward and said, "You fellers talk about duck huntin'. Why we don't have no duck huntin' now like we uster.

"I recollect back in the fall of 1883 when I were on a section o' land out in Dakota with me dad, that right in the center of our section o' land in a low place were a fine spring which just flowed enough water away so as to keep a little pond there.

"Well this fall I'm tellin' about we had a heap o' rain and that gol-derned pond swelled until it was a lake, coverin' about 60 acres. Me and me dad was on t'other side o' the farm from the house when late in the afternoon it started to git dark. I says to me dad, I says, 'Look, dad, at the clouds, thar's a storm a-comin' up' and dad says, 'Storm nothin', them's ducks.'

"Dad was right. Them thar clouds turned into ducks and they settled on that lake until thar weren't a place as big as yer hand that there weren't a duck. I says to me dad, 'Gee, dad, I'm a-goin' to git the old muzzle loader and we'll have ducks fer supper,' but dad says, 'Nothin' o' the kind, son, look at them mare's tails. It's a-goin' to turn cold to-night; you jist keep quiet for if it turns cold as I think it is, some of them ducks is goin' to git freezed into the ice aroun' the edge, and we'll have a gol-derned sight more ducks than you kin shoot.'

"Well, dad was right. It turned cold, derned cold that night. I was sleepin' in the attic an' between them gol-derned ducks a-quackin' away and the crackin' o' the house with the cold, I didn't sleep much. Early in the mornin' I rizzed up, took the old muzzle loader and pounded home a good charge and then headed for the lake.

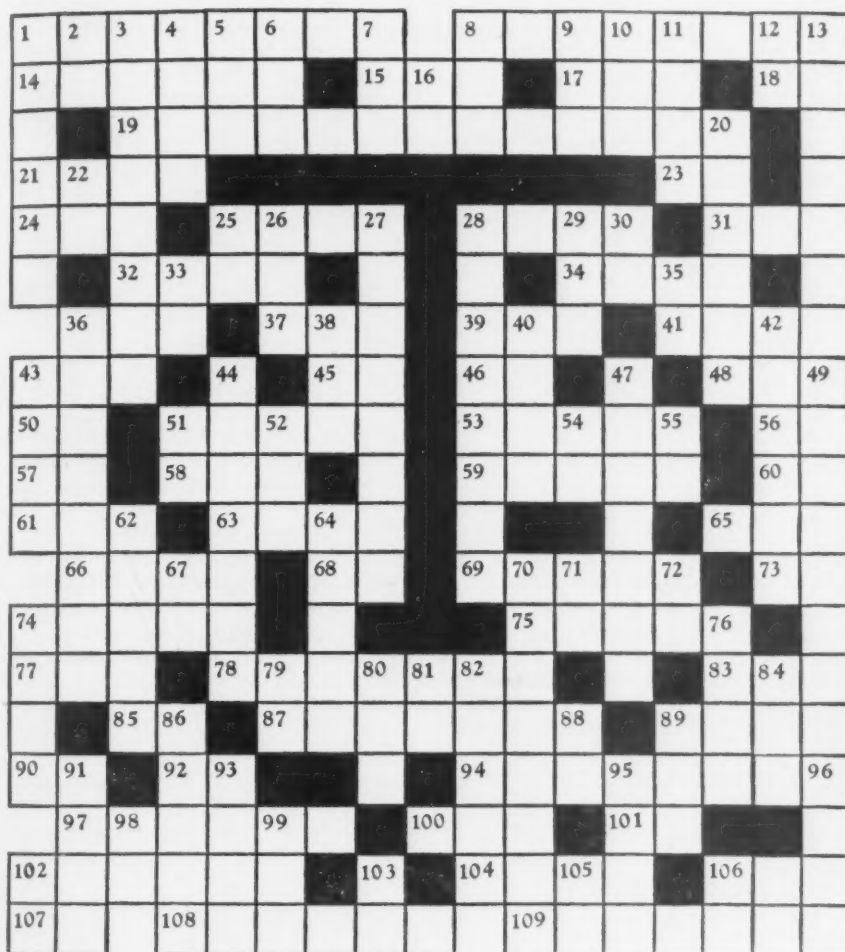
"Dad was right; there they was, hundreds an' hundreds o' ducks frizzed into the ice on the lake. I says to myself,

well, they cain't git away this time, old boy, and I drew a bead on a beautiful mallard I seen and says to myself, now you Mr. Teal over thar, you're goin' to git the next charge, and then I pulled the trigger.

"Well, sir, when that gun went off the

derndest thing happened. Every one of them gol-danged ducks began to flap their wings and there they was, all frizzed solid in that thar lake, and when they flapped their wings all t'gither they rizzed right up atakin' the lake with 'em and weain't had no lake since."—W.F.D.

This Month's Rotary Crossword Puzzle



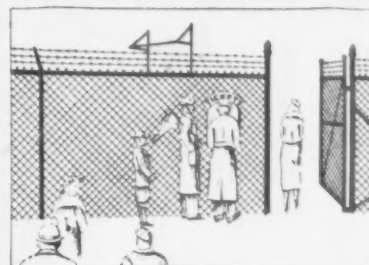
HORIZONTAL

- 1 Director of Rotary for 1935-36
- 8 Puts in order
- 14 Washington photographer (Rotary's one and only assembly sergeant-at-arms)
- 15 Rug
- 17 Man's name
- 18 Square (abbr.)
- 19 Ruinously
- 21 Mottled
- 23 Babylonian deity
- 24 Tavern
- 25 Pitcher
- 28 Capricious state of mind
- 31 Vehicle
- 32 Movement of sea
- 34 Old form of "does"
- 36 Everyone
- 37 Et cetera (abbr.)
- 39 Enemy
- 41 Possessive pronoun
- 43 Pen for animals
- 45 Exclamation
- 46 Part of "to be"
- 48 Taste
- 50 Symbol for oleum
- 51 Serpent
- 53 Ball
- 56 Fifth note of scale
- 57 Mother (colloq.)
- 58 Feminine pronoun
- 59 Desiccated
- 60 Half-dozen (Roman numerals)
- 61 Conclusion
- 63 Want
- 65 Fowl
- 66 Pedal digits
- 68 While
- 69 Pertaining to birth
- 73 Football lineman (abbr.)
- 74 The same
- 75 Nasal cavity
- 77 High card
- 78 Sewing implements
- 83 Paddle
- 85 Thus
- 87 Lauded
- 89 To join
- 90 East Central (abbr.)
- 92 Road (abbr.)
- 94 Illegal entry
- 97 American aborigine
- 100 Very warm
- 101 Masculine pronoun
- 102 To be present at
- 104 South American country
- 106 American writer
- 107 Possessive pronoun
- 108 Cause
- 109 Country of Europe

VERTICAL

- 1 Rotary's one and only Treasurer
- 2 Egyptian sun god
- 3 With enthusiasm
- 4 "Brought up"
- 5 Poetic for "it is"
- 6 "Rotarians stand together" (abbr.)
- 7 Australian bird
- 8 Siamese coin
- 9 Clerical title (abbr.)
- 10 Beverage
- 11 River of Egypt
- 12 Plural ending
- 13 A director of Rotary for 1935-36
- 16 Alternating current (abbr.)
- 20 Pleasure boats
- 22 Within
- 25 Abbreviation for Rotary's President's first name
- 26 Small
- 27 A director of Rotary for 1935-36
- 28 A director of Rotary for 1935-36
- 29 A poem
- 30 To perform
- 33 Italian for "the"
- 35 Seventh note of scale
- 36 First part of name
- 37 of Rotary's 1936 convention city
- 38 Colloquial: sailor
- 40 Persian poet
- 42 Anniversary to be celebrated by THE ROTARIAN magazine in January
- 43 Indefinite in quantity
- 44 Name of Rotary's 1935-36 President
- 47 A Northern Island in which was recently established a Rotary Club
- 49 Artist
- 51 Civil Service (abbr.)
- 52 Insect
- 54 Symbol for nickel
- 55 Same as 25-vertical
- 62 Is excessively fond
- 64 Anxious
- 67 Latin for "and"
- 70 Declared
- 71 Note of scale
- 72 Local union (abbr.)
- 74 To venture
- 76 Beverage
- 79 Ephesians (abbr.)
- 80 Obstruction
- 81 Fifty-one (Roman numerals)

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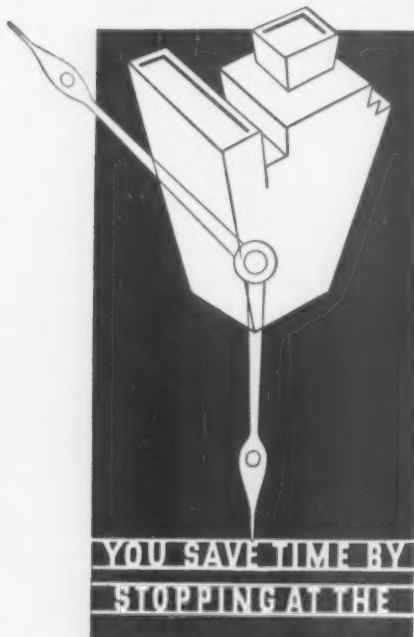
325 West Madison Street Chicago, Ill.

VERTICAL (Continued)

- 82 To block legally
- 84 Paid notices
- 86 Command
- 88 Prefix: down
- 89 Monkey
- 91 Second part of name of place of Rotary's 1936 convention
- 93 To eat
- 95 To avoid
- 96 To search for
- 98 Second part of Bible (Initials)
- 99 Girl's name
- 102 Part of "to be"
- 103 To depart
- 105 Prefix: again
- 106 Father (colloq.)

[Solution to this puzzle on page 59]

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Helps for the Program Makers

The following references have been selected to save the time of the program speaker. Specific outlines for programs suggested in Form 251 (listed here by weeks) can be obtained on request from the Secretariat of Rotary International.

THIRD WEEK (OCTOBER)—International Service Locally (International Service)

From THE ROTARIAN—

Home-Town International Service. Walter D. Head. This issue, page 38.

Putting Rotary's Sixth (now Fourth) Object to Work. May, 1933.

Minnesota's Campus Ambassadors. Leonard D. Case. June, 1932.

Campus Envoys Extraordinary. Charles D. Hurrey. Nov., 1933.

Now I Understand America. Stanislaus Belzecki. Dec., 1932.

Nashville Will Talk It Over (story of international relations institute held there). May, 1934.

Other Magazines—

30 Million New Americans. Louis Adamic. Harper's, Nov., 1934.

Pamphlets and Papers—

785—International Service Locally (Program Outline); 750A—Some Books and Periodicals Helpful to International Understanding; 762—International Trade Exhibit. From the Secretariat of Rotary International.

Material for Work with Boys and Girls—

Through the Gateway, and Across Borderlines, volumes I and II of books of goodwill, 75 cents and \$1.25 respectively.

Geography and Higher Citizenship. (Guiding principles for geography teacher in fostering international understanding.) 5 cents.

Notes on What Schools Are Doing in Fostering Goodwill. Mimeographed—5 cents.

Course on Prejudice. Sample gratis.

Library Projects. Sample gratis. All of the above mentioned material may be ordered from the National Council for the Prevention of War, 532 Seventeenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

FOURTH WEEK (OCTOBER)—Illiteracy or Other Important Local Community Problem (Community Service)

1. ILLITERACY

From THE ROTARIAN—

A Cure for Illiteracy. Ray Lyman Wilbur. Mar., 1931.

Pamphlets and Papers—

644—What Can the Rotary Club Do in Reducing Illiteracy?; 643—Stamp Out Illiteracy? From the Secretariat of Rotary.

2. JUVENILE DELINQUENCY PREVENTION

From THE ROTARIAN—

Character Training for Youth. John Dewey. Sept., 1934.

Give a Boy a Horn. Earl Chapin. May, Dec., 1934.

Tomorrow's Criminals. R. W. Morris. Apr., 1934.

Encourage the Teacher [Chester (Pa.) Rotary Club's Work with delinquent boys—editorial] Aug., 1934.

Holy Smoke. E. T. Seton. Aug., 1934.

Pamphlets and Papers—

645—Big Brother Service. From the Secretariat of Rotary International.

Pamphlets—

Prevention of Juvenile Delinquency. Il-

linois Big Brothers Association, State Department of Public Welfare, Springfield, Ill.
Guiding the Adolescent. Dr. D. A. Thom. Bulletin No. 225 issued by Superintendent of Public Documents, Washington, D. C., 10 cents.

3. ACCIDENT PREVENTION

From THE ROTARIAN—

Chadron, Nebr., Safety Campaign (Americanese for It—editorial). Dec., 1934.

Drive So As To Arrive. Ab Jenkins. Aug., 1934.

Red Cross highway first aid station built by Winchester Rotary Club (Highway Peril—editorial). Aug., 1934.

Let's License the Motorist!—a debate by Roy F. Britton and Sidney J. Williams. July, 1935.

Santa Ana Rotary Club's accident prevention work (2805—editorial). Aug., 1935.

Other Magazines—

Accidents Don't Happen. Ladies Home Journal. June, 1935.

The Automobile and the School Child. J. F. Rogers. School Life, June, 1935.

And Sudden Death. Joseph C. Furnas. Reader's Digest, Aug., 1935. N.B. Convinced that the widespread reading of this article will help curb reckless driving, reprints in leaflet form are offered at cost (2 cents each, with a special price of \$1.50 per hundred). Readers' Digest Association, Pleasantville, New York.

4. CRIPPLED CHILDREN

From THE ROTARIAN—

Little Limbs Made Straight. Milton Brown. June, 1934.

The Forgotten Crippled Child—an interview with Franklin D. Roosevelt. Mar. 5, 1933.

Give Him a Chance. John Culbert. Faries. Apr., 1931.

Pamphlets and Papers—

637—What Your Club Can Do to Help the Crippled Children. From the Secretariat of Rotary International, 35 East Wacker Drive.

BOOKS

The Crippled and Disabled. Henry H. Kessler. Columbia University Press, N. Y., \$4.00.

5. VAGRANCY OF YOUTH AND ADULTS

From THE ROTARIAN—

Got Five Minutes for a Boy? Frederick D. Baker. Feb., 1934.

Chipmunks and Chipmunk People. May, 1934.

Other Magazines—

Anchoring Footloose Boys. Survey, Apr., 1935.

Boys and Girls on the March. T. Minahan. Parent's Magazine, Mar., 1935.

Again the Covered Wagon. P. S. Taylor. Survey Graphic, July, 1935.

Pamphlets and Papers—

Shelter and Care of the Local Homeless Man. Pub. No. 46, Public Administration Clearing House, Chicago, Ill., 50 cents.

6. FACILITIES FOR ADULT EDUCATION

From THE ROTARIAN—

University of, by, and for the People. Trygve Narvesen. Apr., 1935.

A City Without a Bogey. Wayne Gard. May, 1935.

7. LOCAL UNEMPLOYED

From THE ROTARIAN—

Human Lives at Stake. Albert D. Lasker. Nov., 1934.**Recreation for Regina's Idle.** R. Cook. Mar., 1934.

Other Magazines—

Are the Unemployed a Caste? Nils Andersen. *Survey Graphic*, July, 1935.FIRST WEEK (NOVEMBER)—My Hobby and What It Means to Me (*Club Service*)—

1. HOBBY SHOWS AND ARTICLES ON HOBBIES GENERALLY

From THE ROTARIAN—

The Potter and the Merchant. Farnsworth Crowder. This issue, page 6.**Hobbyitis** (editorial). This issue, page 34.**Give Your Hobby Its Head.** Ray Giles. Feb., 1935.**New Leisure to Learn.** L. V. Jacks, May, 1934.**What is the Promise of Modern Life?** Farnsworth Crowder. Aug., 1934.**Give a Boy a Hobby** (pictorial layout of hobby shows). Oct., 1933.

Other Magazines—

So You're Going to Have a Hobby Show. G. G. Hunt. *Recreation Magazine*, Mar., 1935.**Hobby Show in Syracuse.** F. E. Miller. *Recreation Magazine*, Oct., 1934.**Suggestions for a Hobby Show.** *Publisher's Weekly*, Oct. 6, 1934.

Pamphlets and Papers—

641-A—Planning and Conducting a Boy's Hobby Fair. **641-B—Monthly Hobby Contest of the Rotary Club of Webster City, Ia.** To be obtained gratis from the Secretariat of Rotary International, 35 East Wacker Drive.

2. BIRD and NATURE STUDY

From THE ROTARIAN—

Band Birds for a Hobby. William I. Lyon. Sept., 1935.**Have You Met Mr. Toadflax?** R. S. Walker, June, 1934.**By the Glow of the Firefly.** R. S. Walker, July, 1935.**A Day and a Night with a Sunflower.** R. S. Walker, Mar., 1928.

BOOKS

Wild Flowers of the Alleghenies. (The hobby of Rotarian Joseph E. Harned.) Sinchell Publishing Co., Oakland, Md., \$4.50.

3. ART

From THE ROTARIAN—

A "Secret" Room for Every Man. Lorado Taft. June, 1935.**Art and the Business Man.** R. G. Stott. Jan., 1935.

4. BOWLING

From THE ROTARIAN—

Bowl, Men, Bowl! J. W. Engleman. This issue, page 26.

5. LAWN BOWLING

From THE ROTARIAN—

Lawn Bowling—Rival of Golf. Jim Spencer and Ken Bixby. Oct., 1933.

6. SHORT WAVE BROADCASTING

From THE ROTARIAN—

For a Thrill Call "CQ." E. J. Haling. Aug., 1934.

7. GARDENING

From THE ROTARIAN—

From Golf to Garden. William Henry Spence. Apr., 1934.SECOND WEEK (NOVEMBER)—Rotary's International Character and Extension (*International Service*)

From THE ROTARIAN—

The American Element in Rotary. R. Ver Loren van Themaat. This issue, page 29.**Rotary Girdles the Globe** (map). This issue, page 32.**Our Expanding Back Yard.** Leland D. Wood. May, 1934.**Rotary Around the Baltic.** Sept., 1935.**We Owe a Debt.** Abbé Ernest Dimnet. Jan., 1935.**The Tree That Is Rotary.** Allen D. Albert. Dec., 1934.

Pamphlets and Papers—

784—Rotary's International Character and Extension. From the Secretariat of Rotary International, 35 East Wacker Drive.

Additional Suggestions for Club Programs

IS SCIENCE GIVEN A CHANCE?

From THE ROTARIAN—

Social Needs and Lagging Science. Julian Huxley. This issue, page 16.**Inventors and New Jobs** (editorial). This issue, page 34.**Do We Need Birth Control for New Ideas?**—a debate by Sir Josiah Stamp and Charles F. Kettering. Apr., 1934.

BOOKS

Science and Social Needs. Julian Huxley. Harper's, \$2.75.

GAME CONSERVATION

From THE ROTARIAN—

Let's Save the Ducks!—articles by Dr. William T. Hornaday and J. N. Darling. This issue, page 14.

Other Magazines—

Establishment of a Wild Life Demonstration Area. *Science News*, June 22, 1934.**Closed Season Needed—But.** *Nature Magazine*, Oct., 1934.**New Deal for Waterfowl.** *Nature Magazine*, Nov., 1934.**New American Wilderness.** R. T. Fuller. *Saturday Evening Post*, Nov. 4, 1933.**Biological Survey Reports on Waterfowl Crisis.** *Bird Lore*, Nov., 1934.**American Wild Life Crisis.** *Saturday Evening Post*, May 12, 1934.**Closed Season—Now or Forever.** *Nature Magazine*, Apr., 1935.**Far-flying Wild Fowl and Their Foes** (with paintings from life). *National Geographic*, Oct., 1934.**Great Duck Famine.** Q. Reynolds. *Collier's*, Oct. 20, 1934.**Our Disappearing Ducks.** J. W. Thomason, Jr., *Saturday Evening Post*, May 11, 1935.**Duck Season.** J. N. Darling. *Sportsman*, Aug., 1935.

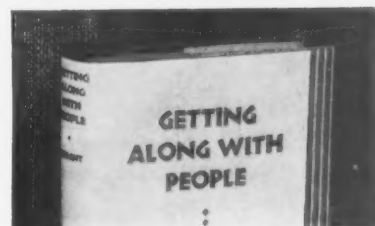
Pamphlets—

Small Refuges for Waterfowl; Water Areas—How to Create and Maintain Them; More Waterfowl; More Game Birds by Controlling Their Natural Enemies; Game Birds—How to Make Them Pay on Your Farm; Quail Breeding Manual; Pheasant Breeding Manual. These booklets available from the More Game Birds in America Association, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York City.**Pamphlet on Duck Blinds, etc.** Gratis. Western Cartridge Co., Dept J-61, East Alton, Ill.YOUR HOME
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Photos: (2) Bachrach; (5) Harper & Bros.; (Hornaday) Marceau; (Darling) Bureau Biological Survey; (Head) Manuel

Left to Right: Contributors Engleman, Bent, Crowder, Lea, Huxley.

Chats on Contributors

JULIAN HUXLEY, *Social Needs and Lagging Science*, stands today among the chief men of science in the modern world and—all musty maxims about honorless prophets to the contrary—is accorded a prominent place among contemporary British thinkers by his own countrymen. Biology is his forte as it was for his illustrious progenitor, T. H. Huxley, great apostle of evolution of the Victorian era. Educated in English and Continental universities, he became a professor of zoology and has been honorary lecturer in King's College, London, since 1927. He is a world-traveller, lecturer, and author. *The Stream of Life* is one of his well known books.



William T. Hornaday, who advances first arguments in *Let's Save the Ducks*, the debate-of-the-month, with the proposal that there be *No Hunting in 1936*, is, at 70, the director and a trustee of the Permanent Wild Life Protective Fund, Stamford, Conn. Eminent American zoologist, and author of a score of books, he has long been associated with movements pledged to preserve wild birds and animals. . . . **Jay N. Darling**, whose recommendation, *Regulate—Don't Stop It*, forms the second half of the debate-of-the-month, is chief of the Bureau of Biological Survey in the Department of Agriculture of the U. S. Federal Government. Earlier, as a cartoonist for the Des Moines (Ia.) *Register* and for 110 other newspapers still receiving his tri-weekly cartoons, he identified himself as a militant conservationist and rose rapidly from service on Iowa state game commissions.



R. Ver Loren
van Themaat

R. Ver Loren van Themaat, *The American Element in Rotary*, is a civil engineer in Nijmegen, The Netherlands. He is president of the Nijmegen Rotary Club for 1935-36, having been a member through the four years of life of the club. Early in his career, he lived in America. . . . **J. F. Engleman**, *Bowl, Men, Bowl!* is in the machinery business in Kansas City, Mo., where he has been a member of the Rotary Club for 21 years. He was president of that Club in 1924-25 and edited the *Buzz Saw*, the club's publication, for six years. . . . **Walter B. Pitkin**, *Jobs for Bright Boys*, has been professor of journalism at Columbia University since 1912 but has had much experience in at least a score of other fields. As an author he has

been eminently successful, one of his later books of wide acceptance being *Capitalism Carries On*.

Farnsworth Crowder, *The Potter and the Merchant*, is a free-lance writer of considerable skill and success, his work having appeared in *World's Work*, *Survey Graphic*, *Atlantic*, *Forum*, and other quality magazines. After teaching school for a time in Colorado and California, he settled on a one-acre ranch in the latter state and, since, has been raising fruits, flowers, vegetables, one son, and literary jewels, among them three contributions to *THE ROTARIAN*. . . . **Silas Bent**, *Our Right to Be Let Alone*, finds that the wide general notice which the public has taken of him in the last few years derives from his study of the Press vs. Radio, ballyhoo in the press, and the future of the newspaper. A free lance writer with a thorough grounding



Jay N. Darling

in newspaper and magazine work, Mr. Bent's researches into newspaper trends are known to all alert members of the writing craft. Chief among his books are: *Ballyhoo—Voice of the Press*, and *Strange Bedfellows*. . . . **Constance Nicholson Lea**, *Lizzie Dobson Has Visitors*, the mother of five children, lives "on a beautiful farm with a stream winding through it, 9 miles from Toronto, Ont.," where she raises strawberries and raspberries. In her infrequent moments of spare time, Mrs. Lea dashes off articles and stories, a large number of magazines in Canada having used her contributions. The present article marks her debut in magazines published in the United States. . . . **Sir Herbert Austin**, *Sell Service, Not Goods*, is chairman of the Austin Motor Co., Ltd., Birmingham, England, makers of the popular, small automobiles which were imitated in name and shape in the United States.



Walter D. Head

. . . **Walter D. Head**, *Home-Town International Service*, is Headmaster of the Montclair Academy, Montclair, N. J. He was graduated from Harvard University in 1902. A Rotarian for 16 years, he was Third Vice-President of Rotary International in 1934-35, and is now chairman of the international Vocational Service Committee. . . . **Harold Grange**, *Paths to Glory*, "Number 77" on the University of Illinois football teams (1923-24-25), played until last year with the Chicago Bears, one of the first professional teams, of which he now is assistant coach.

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Now another change is taking place. An old established industry—an integral and important part of the nation's structure—in which millions of dollars change hands every year—is in thousands of cases being replaced by a truly astonishing, simple invention which does the work better—more reliably—AND AT A COST OFTEN AS LOW AS 2% OF WHAT IS ORDINARILY PAID! It has not required very long for men who have taken over the rights to this valuable invention to do a remarkable business, and show earnings which in these times are almost unheard of for the average man.

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Make no mistake—this is no novelty—no flimsy creation which the inventor hopes to put on the market. You probably have seen nothing like it yet—perhaps never dreamed of the existence of such a device—yet it has already been used by corporations of outstanding prominence—by dealers of great corporations—by their branches—by doctors, newspapers, publishers—schools—hospitals, etc., etc., and by thousands of small business men. You don't have to convince a man that he should use an electric bulb to light his office instead of a gas lamp. Nor do you have to sell the same business man the idea that some day he may need something like this invention. The need is already there—the money is usually being spent right at that very moment—and the desirability of saving the greatest part of this expense is obvious immediately.

Some of the Savings You Can Show

You walk into an office and put down before your prospect a letter from a sales organization showing that they did work in their own office for \$11 which formerly could have cost them over \$200. A building supply corporation pays our man \$70, whereas the bill could have been for \$1,600! An automobile dealer pays our representative \$15, whereas the expense could have been over \$1,000. A department store has expense of \$88.60, possible cost if done outside the business being well over \$2,000. And so on. We could not possibly list all cases here. These are just a few of the many actual cases which we place in your hands to work with. Practically every line of business and every section of the country is represented by these field reports which hammer across dazzling, convincing money-saving opportunities which hardly any business man can fail to understand.

Profits Typical of the Young, Growing Industry

Going into this business is not like selling something offered in every grocery, drug or department store. For instance, when you take a \$7.50 order, as much as \$5.83 may be your share. On \$1,500 worth of business, your share may be \$1,167.00. The very least you get as your part of every dollar's worth of business you do is 67 cents—on ten dollar's worth \$6.70, on a hundred dollars' worth \$67.00—in other words two thirds of every order you get is yours. Not only on the first order—but on repeat orders—and you have the opportunity of earning an even larger percentage.

This Business Has Nothing to Do With House to House Canvassing

Nor do you have to know anything about high-pressure selling. "Selling" is unnecessary in the ordinary sense of the word. Instead of hammering away at the customer and trying to "force" a sale, you make a dignified, business-like call, leave the installation—whatever size the customer says he will accept—at our risk, let the customer sell himself after the device is in and working. This does away with the need for pressure on the customer—it eliminates the handicap of trying to get the money before the customer has really convinced himself 100%. You simply tell what you offer, showing proof of success in that customer's particular line of business. Then leave the invention without a dollar down. It starts working at once. In a few short days, the installation has actually produced enough cash money to pay for the deal, with profits above the investment coming in at the same time. You then call back, collect your money. Nothing is so convincing as our offer to let results speak for themselves without risk to the customer! While others fail to get even a hearing, our men are making sales running into the hundreds. They have received the attention of the largest firms in the country, and sold to the smallest businesses by the thousands.

EARNINGS

One man in California earned over \$1,600 per month for three months—close to \$5,000 in 90 days' time. Another writes from Delaware—"Since I have been operating (just a little less than a month of actual selling) and not the full day at that, because I have been getting organized and had to spend at least half the day in the office; counting what I have sold outright and on trial, I have made just a little in excess of one thousand dollars profit for one month." A Georgia man made \$802.50 his first two weeks. A Connecticut man writes he has made \$55.00 in a single day's time. Texas man nets over \$300 in less than a week's time. Space does not permit mentioning here more than these few random cases. However, they are sufficient to indicate that the worthwhile future in this business is coupled with immediate earnings for the right kind of man. One man with us has already made over a thousand sales on which his earnings ran from \$5 to \$60 per sale and more. A great deal of this business was repeat business. Yet he had never done anything like this before coming with us. That is the kind of opportunity this business offers. The fact that this business has attracted to it such business men as former bankers, executives of businesses—men who demand only the highest type of opportunity and income—gives a fairly good picture of the kind of business this is. Our door is open, however, to the young man looking for the right field in which to make his start and develop his future.

No Money Need Be Risked

in trying this business out. You can measure the possibilities and not be out a dollar. If you are looking for a business that is not overcrowded—a business that is just coming into its own—on the upgrade, instead of the downgrade—a business that offers the buyer relief from a burdensome, but unavoidable expense—a business that has a prospect practically in every office, store, or factory into which you can set foot—regardless of size—that is a necessity but does not have any price cutting to contend with as other necessities do—that because you control the sales in exclusive territory is your own business—that pays more on some individual sales than many men make in a week and sometimes in a month's time—if such a business looks as if it is worth investigating, get in touch with us at once for the rights in your territory—don't delay—because the chances are that if you do wait, someone else will have written to us in the meantime—and if it turns out that you were the better man—we'd both be sorry. So for convenience, use the coupon below—but send it right away—or wire if you wish. But do it now. Address

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To save the ducks: "A lower bag limit . . . shortening of the hunting season . . . the new law providing for 'not more than three shots in a gun.'"

Our Readers' Open Forum

Presenting interesting letters of comment from the editors' mailbag.

Saving Ducks in Europe

Having noticed THE ROTARIAN's debate in the October issue on the conservation of game birds (*Let's Save the Ducks*—By William T. Hornaday and J. N. Darling), I thought perhaps you might be interested in printing the following note on the situation in Europe:

The general decrease of wild ducks according to the gamekeepers of the interior of central Europe, is an undeniable fact, the causes of which are attributable to a series of influences and obstacles of a biological, economic, and social nature. Granted one is able to figure that the number of wild ducks of central Europe will be replenished by those migrating from the North, these last will never change their migratory routes; and the people of the Continent ought to safeguard the ducks of the country, which are just as much birds of passage as any migratory bird; for this reason it would be well to bring about a partial protection for wild ducks.

The practical accomplishment of this desired end would at first emanate only from groups of organized sportsmen, and would not only furnish reasonable measures of protection by voluntary effective limitation (of hunting), but, at the same time, by a regulatory law of a season that is actually too long. Granted it is possible to obtain satisfactory results only by a common effort of all European States, the *Conseil International de la Chasse* would take upon itself the obligation of studying the question of the protection of wild ducks for the purpose of formulating regulations and applying them.

The undersigned refers to conversations which he has had with Prof. Dyk, permitting him to submit to the *Conseil International de la Chasse* the following propositions for the purpose of being examined:

(1) An action to be taken by all European States that the shooting of wild ducks should not begin, in any case, before August 1, and the season closed everywhere before the end of the year.

(2) Beginning with the year 1935, that the season for wild ducks be closed by law one year out of five in all European States. At the end of the closed year, the hunting of wild ducks to be permitted only during the months of October and November.

(3) The use of "duck decoys" (a European term for specially constructed ponds where ducks are netted) is not desirable. It ought not to be allowed without permission of the authorities. The holders of old decoys should be permitted to keep alive a tenth of the number of ducks taken, for breeding purposes.

This appeared in *Bird Lore* in July-August 1933 issue as a statement from Count Hartig of the *Conseil International de la Chasse* (International Game Council). Evidently Europe awakened to the duck situation two years ago, as did also the U. S. Biological Survey.

I am not personally convinced that the entire

closing of the season at any time is advisable, as this would eliminate the sale of duck stamps and many state hunting permits and the subsequent loss to the Federal and State departments.

However, I am in favor of a lower bag limit and the shortening of the hunting season in this country, together with the new law providing for "not more than three shots in a gun." The enforcement of the new regulation is going to necessitate an immense army of federal wardens. Law enforcement has been very difficult, especially here in Nebraska, where we have at the present time only about fifteen wardens in the state. Each of them has to cover about five counties.

C. C. COURTRIGHT, *Rotarian*
Pres., Courtright Hardware Company
Fremont, Nebr.

Driver, a Tip

Your recent (July) debate on licensing the automobile driver as a way of promoting highway safety suggests a point overlooked in that discussion.

The horse and carriage gradually have been crowded from the avenues and thoroughfares of inventive America by the increasingly powerful motor car. But the bicycle lives on and on, never seeming to lose its popularity, especially with the younger set. Even those more advanced in years revert from time to time to pedalling for exercise or amusement.

From the day when a small boy or girl becomes acquainted with the two-wheeled contraption, he or she isn't entirely satisfied until Mother or Dad reaches into purse or pocket and buys—a "bike." Then it's a matter of learning to balance, with subsequent skinned legs and arms. Meanwhile, Mother contracts a few more gray hairs and jangled nerves; most mothers have experienced just that at least once.

Then the day comes when Junior or Mary wants to ride to school. Why not? Henry Jones and Ethel Smith are doing that very thing. Why shouldn't Junior and Mary? Besides, the school has a bicycle club. And it's such fun to be one of the crowd, and not on the outside.

Mother finally gives in—she usually does. And,

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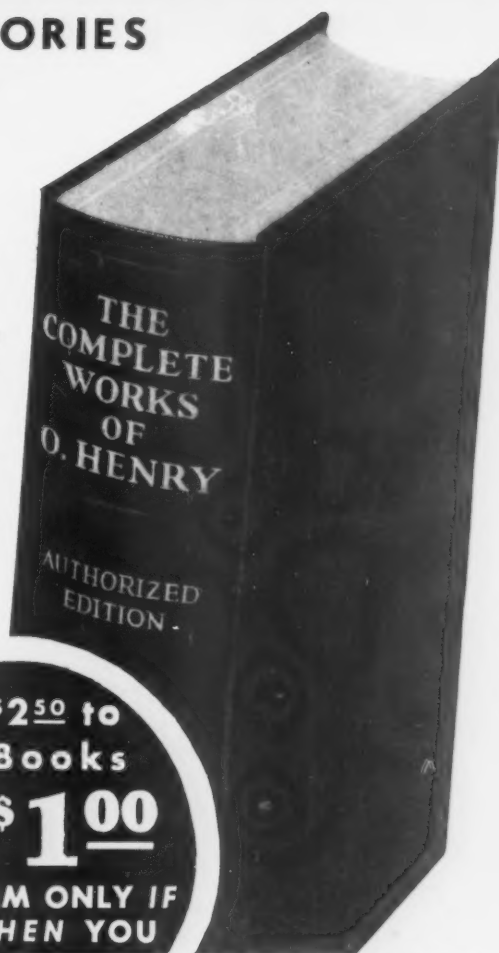
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Please enroll me Free as a DOLLAR BOOK CLUB MEMBER and send me the free monthly club magazine called THE BULLETIN describing the \$1.00 BARGAIN BOOK for the following month and several other alternate bargains. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month, or a minimum number a year—and I pay nothing except \$1.00 for each book actually received, plus ten cents for postage. On receipt of this enrollment coupon, please send me O. HENRY COMPLETE—which I will examine and read FREE for three days. If I do not like it I will return it to you, in which case I may, if I wish, select another book from THE BULLETIN. If I keep O. HENRY COMPLETE or another book, I will send you \$1.10 in full payment for the \$2.50 to \$5.00 volume. I am not obligated as a Club Member in any way except to pay for the books which I decide to purchase. I am to be free to discontinue membership at any time I wish.

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CHICAGO

When writing, please mention "The Rotarian"

after all, why shouldn't she, Junior is overheard remarking. "Don't worry, I can ride." Soon it's an everyday occurrence. Junior and Mary ride to school much the same as Mother drives downtown to do some shopping, or Dad drives to his office.

The average boy and girl ride the bicycle exceptionally well, and have been warned time and again, by various methods, of the dangers which lurk on busy highways and avenues from the gasoline buggy. But school children, like their elders, will forget warnings. After a time, if Junior and Mary haven't met with an automobile accident, they grow just a bit careless.

Boys will be boys and girls will be girls, so it is up to the automobile driver to be on guard at all times when a cyclist comes into view. The driver should never take for granted that the cyclist knows the car is coming because it makes so much noise (modern cars don't make that warning sound). It might be well to keep in mind one's own little Junior and Mary who often operate their vehicles along crowded traffic lanes.

E. L. ROBINSON, *Rotarian*
High School Principal

Troy, N. Y.

Publicity for Catastrophes

. . . In our city we are at the present time planning to put a sign on one of the largest buildings, which is centrally located, and show the number of accidents as well as the fires per day, per month, and per year, and compare this with the year just gone by. The fire department of our city has agreed to change these figures for us. The particular building where the sign is to be kept can be seen for some three to four blocks and by this process the public can be informed of what is really going on in our locality.

I was very interested to find that at the Insurance Commissioners Convention held in Seattle they took the stand as a unit that every motorist should be held absolutely financially responsible to innocent victims of his negligence. I was also pleased to note that the Canadian provinces have passed drastic uniform laws aiding automobile victims, so, without doubt, we are going to make America a safe country to live in at a very early date.

W. L. ANDRE, *Rotarian*
President, Andre Securities Co.

Spokane, Wash.

Program Chairmen . . . An Idea

I want to assure you that the booklet of clippings from THE ROTARIAN dealing with the subject of "Vocational Problems: Medicine" proved very helpful to the four members of our club who debated the subject of "socialized medicine" at our meeting recently.

Incidentally, this program proved most interesting and informative. I certainly can recommend such a program to other program chairmen.

Because of the interest which has been aroused in this subject as a result of our debate, Columbus Rotarians will look forward with a great deal of interest to the November ROTARIAN, which, I understand, is to contain articles for and against socialized medicine (pages 12 and 13, this issue).

YANDELL C. CLINE, *Rotarian*
Noblitt-Sparks Industries

Columbus, Ind.

[Additional letters on page 47]

The ROTARIAN

December
1935



The Art of Being Kind

CHANNING POLLOCK, author and playwright, found himself in an Oriental city . . . official red tape was about to cause him to miss his boat. But what happened? Mr. Pollock will tell you in your next ROTARIAN. And you'll like it.

The Middle-Aged, Too, Can Play

IF you love music, you can learn to play the piano more readily than a child. Modern technique makes it simple. John Erskine, author of *The Private Life of Helen of Troy* and other best sellers, says so, and tells you how in the December ROTARIAN.

Debts of Nations Not All Gold

NATIONS talk of debts one to the other . . . but there are debts not found on the "balance sheet." What are they? How about the benefits of inventions and scientific discoveries? and the influence of the exchange of population? and the spread of languages? Look for Rotarian Robert J. C. Stead's article.

Next Month in
Your December
ROTARIAN